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"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GLEN CAROL.

The crimson rosch blow—
The bird sings in the tree—
Pale Alice sits alone,
Dreaming a dream of me—
While at her feet, with rhythmic beat,
Moaneth the solemn sea.

The white clematis droops—
The stars shine bright above—
I sit in my study-door,
And dream of my lost love.
Roses have thorns—false smiles have scorns—
Bright was the chain she wove.

We parted long ago:
She in her scornful pride,
I with despairing heart—
Would God that both had died!
Better we slept where the ivy crept
Across the churchyard side.

She dwells in Southern lands,
I on the Western plain—
Two lives made desolate!
And yet, "It might have been!"
And through my heart, with ceaseless smart,
Chimeth that sad refrain!

JOHN PASSMORE'S PLOT;
OR,
HELD IN THE HIDDEN ROOM.

A STORY OF PHILADELPHIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FRANK CARROLL.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SECRET ROOM.

But to return to Miss Worthington. We left her gazing on a scene that appeared to her almost the work of magic. And indeed the sudden change from the rough, rudely-furnished room in which she stood, into the splendor of an apartment furnished in a style of Oriental magnificence, well might seem marvellous and delightful to her eyes.

It was a small apartment, whose walls were hung with rose-tinted silken hangings, looped up so as to reveal the richly-papered wall beneath, on which reposed several small, exquisitely framed oil-paintings, which, to her unpractised eye, seemed splendid works of art. To the right a fine mirror reached from floor to ceiling, in a rich gilt frame, that was in fine contrast to the rose-tint behind it.

The floor was covered with a costly Turkey carpet, of the richest colors. The furniture consisted of several elegant chairs of different patterns, a wardrobe, a small but rich bedstead, covered with a fine silk counterpane, and with the whitest of linen; together with all the other appurtenances of a lady's chamber.

The room was so filled with these various articles of furniture, and with its small marble topped centre-table, covered with elegantly bound books, that there was scarce space left to move round in it. There was but a single opening in its walls for air or light, this office being aided by a scroll work in the ceiling, so arranged as not to be plainly visible from above, and capable of being securely covered in an instant by an arrangement leading to the lower floor of the house. In the left-hand wall was a small window, crossed by close, strong slats, so painted and arranged as to be scarcely noticeable from without, and in a great measure hidden by the branches of a tall tree that grew close to the wall.

This rich scene, the more effective from its very superfluity of decoration, its over-abundance of elegant furniture, its splendid contrast of colors, was lit by an argand lamp, whose light, softened by a ground glass globe, lent an indescribable delicacy to the Oriental beauty of the scene.

With an exclamation of delight, Alice sprang forward, her eyes drinking in the various beauties of the room with unsated enjoyment.

Her enthusiastic temperament prompted her to the utterance of the most child-like expressions of joy, and she flew from one part of the room to another with the lightness of a bird, examining more closely those beauties which had so taken her fancy captive in their combined effect.

"Oh, Mr. Passmore!" she cried, "the room is a perfect beauty! How came you to have it provided? I never saw anything half so elegant. And is it perfectly safe from discovery by my enemies?"

"Perfectly," said Passmore, advancing into the room, on whose threshold he had stood smiling at her transports. "It is the private apartment of an artist friend of mine. You see there some of his pictures. He has arranged it so as to be free from the annoyance of visitors when at work, and also from the disturbing noises of the street. I have added a few pieces of furniture to make it more habitable for you, as I have for a day or two had hopes of releasing you, and knew that I must have some secure place to take you to."

"How kind of you. This but adds to the various causes you have given me to be thankful. In fact, thanks are far too poor a coin to pay you for your kindness. I would that I could think of some worthier meed to at least half repay you for all you have done for me."

"You can doubly, trebly repay me in a coin which I fear you will never consent to give, warmly as you speak."

"In what coin pray?" she answered, looking up in surprise at his words.

"One kiss from those dear lips is the greatest earthly joy my soul craves now, to you I fear of no value, to me the summit of earthly felicity."

He spoke with passionate utterance, gazing into her eyes with a deep, tender glance.

"And did you think I would refuse you this meed of gallantry, after all my asseverations of gratitude?" she said, in a gay tone, throwing her arms round his neck, and kissing him lightly on the lips. "There, I have trebly paid my debt," she continued, with a blushing laugh. "You are in my debt now to double its amount. See that you repay me like a true cavalier."

"Ah, dear Alice," he said, sadly, "that was but a lip salutation, and I craved one from the soul. I have paid the debt I owe you in advance, am paying it at this moment in the tenderest affection of which my nature is capable. Oh, that I could win you to a return of my love."

The light smile that had played over her face disappeared at these words, and was replaced by a serious, saddened look. She would have spoken in reply, but he prevented her.

"Don't imagine that I am proving false to my friend Graham in these words," he hastily said. "If I thought him worthy of you, I would not place a straw in his path."

"Worthy of me!" she cried, indignantly.

"I do not speak at random, Alice, nor to gain my own ends by hurting your feelings. I am only too sorry to feel that the boy has not entirely the pure and noble spirit with which I credited him. But certain events have occurred since your imprisonment that force me to speak thus plainly, even at the risk of paining you."

"What do you mean? Speak out!" she cried, tapping her foot impatiently on the floor, while her hand nervously clutched her dress. "What charge have you to bring against him, in derogation of his nobility of character?"

"Alice, I am sorry to wound you, but cannot tell the truth without doing so. But do take a seat. You are tiring yourself standing."

"I want no seat, I only want to hear this charge. Can you not see that I am burning with impatience?"

"The story I have to tell is this. Harry was taken into the house of a wealthy citizen of Richmond, who happened to see and recognize him, having known him previously. Here he was nursed with the greatest care; not by this gentleman, understand, but by his young and beautiful daughter."

"Oh!" cried Alice, involuntarily, her teeth almost meeting in her lips in efforts to repress this exclamation of pain.

"I will not leave you to guess what followed, though you might easily do so," continued Passmore, turning away to hide a smile that flitted over his features, on noticing the effect of his words. "It is enough to say that the lady loved her handsome and helpless invalid?"

"And he! And he? It is not the lady I am interested in."

"He returned her love, or affected to."

Alice sank into a chair at these words, so sadly and solemnly spoken, covering her face with her hands, and breaking into a passion of sobs.

"I cannot! I will not believe it!" she cried, leaping wildly to her feet, her cheeks wet with tears, her eyes blazing with light. "You have been deceived, or would deceive me. He cannot be faithless."

"Not for the world would I deceive you, dear Alice," he soothingly said, taking her hand, which she indignantly snatched from him. "I have not told you the whole. Not half. The lady's father is wealthy, she is an only child. Harry is comparatively poor. Consider all the circumstances. You are absent. He is attended at the most susceptible period, when recovering from illness, by a beautiful and loving girl, who to her tenderness of manner, adds these ulterior advantages."

"Hush! hush! For Heaven's sake, cease! You pain me too deeply!"

"I will say no more then, since you command me to silence. Good-night, Alice. I hope I have not rendered you very unhappy. Indeed I could not avoid it."

"No, no," she cried, springing suddenly forward, and grasping him by the arm, as he was passing through the door. "Tell me the worst, I will try to bear it. Leave me not in the agony of suspense and doubt."

"I have no more to tell, except that they are betrothed," he gently answered, leading her softly to a seat, as, in the relaxation of deep grief, her limbs half-refused to bear her weight.

Leaving her with her face again buried in her hands he left the room, softly closing the door.

"I think that will settle Graham's case," he muttered to himself, as he went downstairs. "I will take her heart in the rebound, win her through jealousy and disappointed love."

Hardly had he gone ere Alice looked up and saw, to her surprise, the place where he had stood vacant, and the wall continuous, no trace of a door being visible.

ALICE IS MADE TO BELIEVE THAT HER LOVER IS FAITHLESS.

CHAPTER XVI.

PASSMORE HEARS THE NEWS.

One of the principal clerks of the firm of Willing & Son was passing down Chestnut street. Opposite the Continental Hotel he met Mr. Passmore, whom he stopped.

"A few moments, Mr. Passmore, if you please," he said. "Those goods are ready to come off the Gordon, and I am on my way to the Custom House to settle for the duties."

"All right, Logan, we shall have to get them out as soon as possible. There is getting to be a sharp demand now for that grade of goods, and the sooner we have them ready for the market the better."

"That was just my idea, sir. By the way, I will need your signature to a check for the amount of the customs charges. I have here the various items."

"That seems all correct," said Passmore, glancing over the slips of paper. "Have you a blank check with you?"

"Yes."

"Just step in here then, and I will fill it up for you now, so that we may have this business settled without delay."

Stepping into the hotel, he filled up the check for the required amount, returning it to the clerk with the words—

"Now, Logan, I would like you to push this matter. Set your drays at work as soon as you have settled at the Custom House, and get the cases up to the store at once. I have here a St. Louis order that calls for a considerable quantity of those goods, and I wish to have it filled as soon as possible."

"Very well, sir," replied Logan. "I will see that there is no loss of time."

"Good-morning," answered Passmore, turning carelessly away, while the clerk went out again to the street, intent on his errand.

His superior went out of the Ninth street door of the hotel, and lounged leisurely down the street, full of thought.

Just opposite the Walnut street theatre he was again accosted, this time by a venerable old Jew, dressed in the most grotesque style, no less a person, in fact, than Solomon Gantly.

"Mr. Pathmore," he said, "excuse me for thaying that—"

Passmore passed on with the most sublime unconsciousness of manner, leaving the Jew cut short in the midst of his speech by sheer amazement.

The next minute he came hobbling up, close behind Passmore, and addressed him again.

"I was thaying, Mr. Pathmore—"

At this point the other turned sharply round, his face red with the sudden flush of anger.

"Curse you, for an old idiot!" he said, in a low, hissing tone, "can't you take a hint? How dare you speak to me in the street? I know none of your fraternity, except when and where I wish—and never before witnesses. Don't try it again, or it will be worse for you."

He made a feint of dropping money into the old man's extended hand, as some persons passed by. Turning again, he walked resolutely on. But the Jew was not so easily got rid of.

"I must thee you," he said, hurrying again after the other. "When and where?"

"At your house, at nine to-night," answered Passmore, without turning, and passing on, as if utterly heedless of the Jew's existence.

To some persons, who happened to observe the incident from across the street, it seemed as if he had been importuned by a beggar, had asked him a question, given him alms, and passed on. Passmore had artfully contrived to remove every appearance of collusion with, or knowledge of, the old man, from their momentary meeting.

He went on, outwardly calm, inwardly in a high passion.

"The confounded old rogue," he soliloquized, "I shall have to give him some lessons in common sense. To stop me here where I might have been seen by twenty acquaintances talking to a man who may be up before the Quarter Sessions within a month's time. I have got Corbin and his gang well broke in to rule—and whatever they may declare at any time in the future, they cannot bring an honest witness to vouch for it. I have so far kept my track well covered. The only weak points are my visits to Taylor's Bank. But there I only met Joe as a faro-player, and no one ever saw signs of any other business between us. Old Solomon, wise as his name should make him, is something lacking in judgment. He must be broken in. I will work with no tools whose edges are turned toward me. They must be my puppets, not my equals, or masters."

He walked slowly down Walnut street, thus cogitating. His thoughts continued to run as follows:

"I fancy now there will be no occasion for this burglary. It is always a risky business—and as Willing seems to be undoubtedly dead, and the girl well inclined to accept me in Graham's place, the whole business may be mine without need of it. I only arranged it as a good speculation in the case of my other plans failing. I must force Alice to a decision while her jealousy lasts. Now is just the time for her to accept me out of spite."

At Sixth street he entered the Square to cross over to Chestnut. He had gone but a short distance, when, looking up, he found himself face to face with Harry Graham. The latter appeared to have grown ten years younger since he last saw him, such an expression of satisfaction had replaced the settled gloom of his face.

"John, my dear boy, stop here," he cried. "You are just the person I wanted to meet. I have this moment heard a piece of good news that gives me hope that our luck may be turning."

The face of his listener slightly blanched at these words. Good news? Could he possibly have traced Alice? No, it was impossible!

"What are your good news, Harry?" said he, taking a seat on one of the Square stools, his face partly turned away.

"I have just met Mr. Wood, the detective, who, as I suppose you know, has been to Richmond to see if he could learn anything concerning the disappearance of Mr. Willing."

"No, I did not know it."

"I haven't seen you since, that is a fact. Well, the chief point lies in the result. He has had the best of luck."

His listener started violently, and involuntarily turned round so as to face him, with a face pallid with sudden excitement, as it seemed to Harry.

"What do you mean? Speak! What has he discovered?"

"That Mr. Willing is certainly alive and well."

Passmore rose to his feet as if in excitement at this intelligence, but really to hide the expression of fear and passion that he could not keep back from his face.

"Alive and well!" he cried, as soon as he could command his nerves.

"There is no doubt of it," replied Graham, rising likewise. "The apparent death of our benefactor has weighed heavily on me, John. It is a great weight lifted from my mind to hear such news. If now the mystery surrounding Alice were only cleared up—"

"Don't doubt but it will be," said his hypocritical friend, taking him by the hand. "But the news you bring me is so sudden and strange that though I would like to believe it I cannot. If Mr. Willing escaped in safety where is he?"

"That remains a mystery. He may have decided to continue the journey on which he first set out. In that case, you know, it may be a month before we hear from him."

"Sit down again, Harry, and tell me what has really been discovered. I would like to know your grounds for this belief."

By this time he had recovered the control of his nerves, and was ready to hear the most astounding story unmoved. It was only the suddenness of the revelation that had so far disconcerted him.

Harry proceeded to give him in full detail the account he had just heard from Wood.

"Is not that conclusive?" he continued. "There can no longer be any doubt but that Mr. Willing escaped from the accident, for it now appears to have been only an accident."

"Still, I cannot account for his desire for secrecy, or his charging the Irishman not to reveal the knowledge of his escape. This makes the whole story seem doubtful to me."

"Perhaps there may have been an effort to murder him, and he may hope by this secrecy the better to discover the murderer. Mr. Willing is a very shrewd and acute man, and who can tell what scheme he may be carrying out."

"I doubt the whole affair," replied Passmore. "I fear your detective has been so sharp that he has forced a confession from a man who knew nothing. I see no occasion for and no evidence of any attack on Mr. Willing, and still believe there was only an accident."

"Well, suppose it was so. If Mr. Willing had been killed or badly injured by it, he would have been found in the road. Unless, as seems to be the case, some one picked him up. The only strange point about it is his desire for secrecy, and his charging that man to keep quiet about his escape. But with an eccentric man like our employer nothing can be considered impossible. Nothing of the odd, that is."

"There may be something in that, indeed. I sincerely hope, Harry, that your good news may prove true. I have felt this loss more deeply than I appeared to, and to be satisfied that he was indeed alive and well would be one of the happiest emotions of my life."

"And with myself also," replied Harry. "I only need now to discover my poor lost Alice to remove the last cloud from my soul."

"And have you gained no clue to her?"

"None. Or, at least, only a broken clue. I found the boy who, you will remember, was concerned in the abduction. The ragged little fellow whom I caught in Baltimore."

"Yes, I remember."

"He was acting as boot-black in the Square here. I followed the young rogue, but he was too sharp for me, and gave me the slip."

"Ah! that is unlucky. Still it is not likely that he lives with the conspirators, so you would not probably have found out anything by tracing him."

"I think differently, from the pains he took to avoid me. Why, he even blackened his face, and took the part of a lame black beggar, when I had cornered him in Bedford street."

"A sweet-smelling locality," said Passmore, laughing. "The boy is sharp enough, indeed. It will not be easy to catch him."

"If I see him again he will not give me the slip so easily."

"Catch a weasel asleep," said the other, still laughing. "Well, I must be going, Harry. You have brought me some very interesting items of news, which, if they should prove all they promise, will make a decided change in the aspect of affairs."

"I feel somehow confident that Mr. Willing will turn up yet all right, though I must confess that I can't understand the mystery of his disappearance. Good-day, John. Let us continue to hope for the best."

The two friends parted, each pursuing his former course. The smile on the face of John Passmore was instantly driven off by a fierce and gloomy frown.

"Can that infernal villain have lied to me?" he said to himself. "He said positively that he had buried his victim. But that may have been simply to get his pay. Yet he is not the man to spare one whom he has promised to put an end to. He would not be stopped by considerations of mercy, or any such stuff. If Willing has really escaped through his fingers and is in hiding, it makes the matter look dark for my plans. Why should he hide? Does he suspect anything? He can be sharp as a razor if he wishes, and is not in hiding without some object. If I only knew the truth. This story seems reliable, and Joe Corbin may have lied through the whole affair. I will have seriously to consider the matter of the burglary. That will net me something worth while, if everything else should fall through. Then there is the chance of Alice, which I must make a certainty. If I can once make her my wife, I might take his whole property from Ben Willing, by pushing forward her claims."

CHAPTER XVII.

PATSY'S NEW DEPARTURE.

Joe Corbin sat in one of his private rooms at the Rookery, his coat off, his chair tilted against the wall, a well-worn pipe between his teeth, that sent up successive puffs of white smoke to the ceiling with the regularity of an exhaust pipe.

Opposite him sat his promising nephew, in his usual street dress, a thing of shreds plentifully diversified with patches. He was tilted back in his seat also, his feet on the table, a cigar between his lips, at which he puffed in exact imitation of his uncle.

The latter looked at the boy approvingly, and shook his head, as if to say, "Here is a chip of the old block. That boy will be an honor to me yet."

Some such thoughts passed through his mind as the two continued to puff away in silence. Patsy was the first to speak.

"Tell yer what it is, Uncle Joe, I had a narrer squeak for it to-day, and no mistake."

"How's that, Patsy? Let's hear it?"

"I got a job of blacking this morning in the Square. And who do you think the feller was?"

"Now that's just about two inches above my altitude."

"I knowed him as soon as I got my eyes fair on him. It was one of them Baltimore coves. The one that snatched me."

"Ah," said Corbin, somewhat interested. "And did he know you?"

"You bet he did. And what's more he follered me. I had to play sharp on him or he might a-nailed me bad."

"What did you do?"

"I made for granny's house, and left him round the corner. Then I just rubbed a bit of blacking over my face, and guv myself a nice polish, and come limping out of the street like a lame darkey."

"Good for you, Patsy. You'll be an honor to your country yet."

"You hain't heered the best. He stood there talking to Jim Brown, the policeman. I held out my hand, and I'll swow if he didn't tip me a ten-center."

"And didn't smell?"

"Not a mice. He was after me though afore I got a square. I believe Jim Brown blowed on me, and I'd like to bust his ugly nozzle for it."

"And he follered you again?"

"That's jest it, Uncle Joe. But he didn't get up soon enough afore breakfast this morning. He couldn't no more catch me than you could catch a crow by putting salt on her tail. I slipped down Button Alley, and shot through the little crib there. I s'pose he's standin' at the corner yet a waiting for me to come out."

The lad burst into such a fit of laughter at the thought of this that he nearly choked himself on cigar smoke, and ended in a violent fit of coughing.

"That's what comes of little boys trying to smoke," said Joe, getting up and giving the boy a hearty shake. This rough treatment had the good effect of stopping his coughing.

"You're a trump, Patsy," said Joe. "There's the making of a man in you if you foller it up. Take pattern by your uncle, my boy, and you'll be an honor yet to the perfession. I expect some day to retire, and I want to leave some one to fill my place in society."

"I'm your man," said Patsy. "I'm no baby and no shirk, and that yer knows. And the fe ler what smells me out has got to put a patent smeller to the end of his nose."

Joe grunted approvingly behind his pipe.

"Tell yer what it is though, Uncle Joe, the street aren't quite safe for me jest now. That cove 'll be on the lookout, and 'll mebbe set some of the perlice on my track. I'll have to keep shady a bit. I'll drop my kit and go out of business till this blows over."

"Right, my covey."

Patsy coolly took from his pocket the half of a cigar, to all appearance a stump that some smoker had thrown away, lit it with that in his mouth, and puffed away again with as much gusto as any devotee of the weed could give to his high-priced Partagas.

"Don't yer think its nigh about time I were getting into a steddy sitiwation? I'm getting to be a feller of some inches now; an if I ever expects to make my mark in the world I must begin."

"You want to settle down then, and take up some perfession?"

"Exactly. Yer see that blackin' and them sort of jobs, ain't the thing to hang by. It's jolly, I'll say that for it, and it's independent. But a feller's not goin' to be a boy all his life, and I's got ter strike out in a new line, that's jest the short and the long of it."

Patsy threw back his head, and puffed away at his cigar with an air of supreme satisfaction at having expressed himself so elegantly. Joe looked at him with a smile of strong approval.

"I'll swow if the lad ain't coming out strong," he said, in a loud soliloquy. "Didn't think he had it in him. Takes arter his dad, though, who was a reg'lar lawyer as far as his tongue went. His life was just wasted cos he got into the dock at the Quar-

ter Sessions, instead of afore the bar. I calkerlate this boy 'll take the same journey, if I don't get him apprenticed to some good lawyer."

"A feller has to lie like blazes, don't he, Uncle Joe?"

"Ef he can't lie the horns off a heifer, he's mistaken his perfession."

"That's jest the trade for me, then. There ain't a boy round the State-House can lie within a mile of me, when I sets myself to it. If I squats for a good one, you bet it's solid."

"Give me your hand, Patsy; you do honor to your fetchin' up. I've tried to tend to your moral eddication, as I promised your dad I would, and I see I haven't thrown my pearls afore swine."

Patsy rose deliberately from his seat, went over, and laid his little paw in the strong grasp of his uncle—who squeezed it till the tears came to the boy's eyes, but no word of complaint to his tongue. He bore it like a martyr.

"You're a full hand, Patsy—ace high;" and he slapped him on the shoulder with such vim as to knock the cigar from the boy's mouth, and nearly bring him down on his knees.

"Now lookee here," cried the boy, as his uncle leaned back in a fit of hearty laughter, "I ain't a block of wood, nor I ain't got the back-bone of an elephant, and yer needn't knock a feller down quite, cos he ain't as big as you."

"All right, boy. You'll live through worse. Go ahead, now. Let's hear what you've got to say."

"What er you goin' to put me at, that's the pint. I can't go on the street now, except mebbe a short run for exercise; and I've got to be doin' something. What er you got in yer noddle for me!"

Joe closed his eyes and seemed lost for a few minutes in deep deliberation. At length he rose, shut the door of the room, and moved his chair close to the boy.

"See here, my boy," he said, "I've found you a sensible sort of a little chap so far, and I've got a sort of notion to trust you. You've kept some secrets afore now, and I think you're sound."

"Sound as a door-nail," said Patsy, delighted. "I never went back on you yet, yer can't say that."

"And if I let you into a secret that's worth a dozen of all you know, you can keep mum?"

"If I promise, they couldn't fotch it out of me with red-hot pinchers."

"If you blow on what I'm going to tell you, I'll bust your durned little head like I'd smash a pumpkin. There'll be a funeral, with a coffin about your measure, if you let a word out of that busy talking-box of yourn."

"I calkerlate that I know when to talk and when to hold my tongue. The feller that said I ever blowed is a liar—and I can lick him if he's big as Goliar."

"I think I'll let you in," said Joe, approvingly. "You remember that gal what we snatched in Baltimore?"

"I should rather guess as how I did."

"Do you know where she is now?"

"Out at Dodge's, I s'pose. Yer see I know yer country crib."

"She is in this house, Patsy.

"Whew!" The boy rose to his feet in amazement, and looked at the speaker with strong unbelief on his face.

"Lookee here now," he said, "that's played. That dog won't jump, no how yer can fix it. Yer playin' it on me, Uncle Joe, but it won't go down. Can't cotch this bird with sich chaff as that."

Joe heard this outbreak with silent enjoyment, laughing in a quiet way that added fuel to Patsy's unbelief.

"There's no lie in it," he said. "It's true as gospel."

"That be blowed. Ain't I tramped this house all over, not an hour ago. There ain't as big a piece of woman flesh in it as would make a doll-baby. Can't play that on me."

"Shut your trap," growled Joe. "S'pose I'd lie to you, you young rapscallion? There's things in the Rookery that the perlice can't find out, let alone you. I tell you, the gal's here."

"Mebby she is," said the boy, more humbly. "But I'm blessed if it don't fly above my kite."

"And see here—she's in a place where she's got to be tended to reg'lar, with vittles and things. Now you see I'm away often, on business, and I mightn't get back always in time. Can't let the gal starve. She's wuth too much for that. Now I'm going to show you, Patsy, where she is, and leave you to tend to her. And if you ever want to die suddent, jest let out what I'm going to tell you. I'd chaw you up quicker'n I would the hind leg of a chicken."

"You don't 'pear to put conferdence in me. But go ahead, I can stand it."

"Sal, in the kitchen, 's got her orders about the vittles. All you've got to do is to carry it up-stairs and give it to the gal. You're to do anything she asks you to, in the way of getting her things. But you ain't to let her out. Tell her it ain't safe, and can't be did. And you ain't to take anything from her, without bringing it straight to me. Got all that in?"

"Yes, solid. Half-way down to my heels. Won't go back on it, you can bet your pile on that."

"Come along then, Patsy. You've been a good boy. You're a going to get the reward of virtue."

The boy did not need a second invitation. He was after his worthy relative on the instant, his small eyes glittering with keen anticipation of the mystery in store for him.

But we must, for the present, return to some of our other characters.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WOOD'S OPERATIONS.

The detective lost no time in setting the machinery of search in full play. He had a number of photographs of Mr. Willing struck off, which he distributed among the most trusty members of the force, requesting them to be on the alert for the face of the original, not to arrest him, but to try and discover where he was living.

He took for himself a more active course. Learning the locations of the numerous houses owned by Willing in the city, he visited them successively, assuming various characters for the purpose of conducting his inquiries, according to the character of the house.

He worked hard in this search, for his professional pride was aroused. He was strongly inclined to the belief that Willing was in the city, and was at the bottom of the mystery of the abduction. His theory was that no crime is committed without a sufficient motive. From Passmore's showing Mr. Willing had this motive, and he alone of all the inhabitants of the great city could have anything to gain from the disappearance of Alice Worthington.

The fact that he allowed the reported murder to go uncontradicted, though he had long since recovered and left the scene of the accident, added greatly to the credibility of this hypothesis. He must have some motive in concealing himself. The abductor of Alice must have had a motive. Putting these various motives together, the conclusion seemed to him irresistible that the object of his search was concealed somewhere in Philadelphia, and that by finding the hidden merchant, he would find the lost lady.

It seemed, however, as if his quest was destined to be in vain. Nowhere could he learn any facts giving him reason for belief or suspicion.

In all the houses inquired at he managed to see or get some idea of the personal appearance of the male inmates. For this purpose he practised various stratagems, telling his true object only in those places where he found that he could safely do so. He thus added numerous other detectives to his corps, for most of these persons well knew Mr. Willing, and promised to be on the watch for him, and report any favorable results to the officer. He did not tell them his true object, but simply the story of the mysterious disappearance.

Some of these houses had boarders, one or more. He took considerable pains to see all these, but without seeing a face bearing any close resemblance to that he was seeking.

Baffled in this line of search, he next undertook a systematic investigation of the various localities known to the detective force as places of occasional hiding for criminals and others. Among these the Rookery did not escape his attention.

Well knowing Joe Corbin's acuteness of brain and desperate character, he thought it best to use a show of force rather than to attempt to outwit him.

He accordingly entered the Rookery, heading a party of four or five policemen.

Corbin met them in the hall just within the bar-room, and accosted them with what politeness he was master of. He showed no surprise at their visit, it being no uncommon occurrence at his suspicious domicile, though he had never been visited by the police in such force before.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," he said. "Glad to see you. Won't you step back and take a smile with me?"

"I never smile before dinner," answered Wood, gravely. "We want to take a look through the Rookery, and will be glad to have your escort."

"Certainly, with pleasure," answered Corbin, briskly. "This way, gentlemen. I don't know why it is, but my house always seems to interest persons of your profession. It's an old house, mebbe it's that. You've got a taste for antiquities."

"Exactly. But you needn't speak so loud. We have all got our natural hearing. Let us see the lower floor first."

Corbin led the way through the various rooms. Everything appeared innocent and perfectly correct. Turning, after having finished this part of his task, to address a remark to the detective, he suddenly exclaimed:

"Hallo! what's become of your leader? How's this? Wasn't he here this minute?"

"He just stepped up-stairs to see the look of your upper rooms. Didn't want to trouble you to go up-stairs, so went on his own hook," said one of the policemen.

A dark frown blackened the face of Corbin, that betokened ill to Mr. Wood, should he meet him alone.

"Blast his infernal impudence!" he cried. "I'd like to teach him a lesson in politeness. Who is the feller, anyhow?"

"He's got authority for what he's doing," said the other. "He's on the detective force, and you know, Joe Corbin, that there's many a queer thing passes inside these four walls."

"That's got to be proved," said Joe, angrily. "I keep as straight a house as anybody south of Chestnut street, and darn the man that says it ain't. I'm after this impertinent cove."

He darted up-stairs, followed closely by the others, who feared he meant mischief. It took but a minute to examine the rooms in the second story. He was not there. Ascending to the third story they still failed to find him.

"Where in the deuce has he got, anyhow?" asked one of the policemen, while Corbin stood glowering with rage.

Wood answered this question in person. He had been through the trap-door, taking a look over the loft, but it was quite dark there, and he failed to detect anything suspicious.

"Do you know, my covey, it would serve you right if I'd split your infernal head open for your imperdence?" said Joe, angrily facing Wood.

"You think it would, eh?"

"And I'm jest the man to do it."

"Oh, pile in, my hearty, if that's your game," said the detective, fronting him with a look the scoundrel did not altogether like. "Keep an eye on him, men, that he don't draw a weapon. If he wants to try his fists on me, I'm his man."

"A man's house is his castle," growled Joe, savagely. "You're acting in mine as if it was public property."

"So it is," said Wood, still facing him. "It is as great a den of thieves as Philadelphia holds, and I wouldn't trust its owner as far as you could blow a puff of cigar-smoke. I know you, Joe Corbin, better maybe than you think. Don't try your bluster on me. There's points in this house of yours that haven't been found out yet, and it will be worse for you when they are."

"Find them out then," answered Corbin, derisively, "and show them to me when you find them. I'd like to see them. Now get out of here. If you don't clear my house in two minutes, I'll sue you for invading it without a warrant."

"Try it on, Joe," said Wood, laughing, as he led his troop down-stairs. "It would be a good thing to have you in court in some shape or other. You'll get there in your right position some day yet."

"A blamed narrer squeeze," said Joe to himself, as their steps died out in the distance. "With that fellow's sharp eyes in the loft and the ventilator open. It's lucky it's a cloudy day."

The detective continued his search with unabated energy. Reports came in from several of the parties to whom he had given photographs, or otherwise put on the look-out. But they all proved failures. Hour after hour, day after day, he continued his search, determined not to give it up while a shadow of hope remained. But it seemed to him, as several days passed hopelessly by, that he must be mistaken in his belief, and that Willing could not be in the city.

He had a lurking suspicion of the Rookery; why, he could not have told; as much or more from instinct than reason, since his search had proved so useless. He contented himself with putting the house under shadow, or, in less technical words, setting a watch upon it.

Such was the substance of the report which, several days after his return from Richmond, the detective made to his employer.

The latter was much depressed at this lack of favorable intelligence, and expressed himself as almost hopeless of recovering Alice from the hands of her abductors. He had placed no reliance, at best, on the search for Mr. Willing, as he could not bring himself to feel distrust of his generous benefactor.

"There is no occasion to be down-hearted, Mr. Graham," said the detective. "We have taken all the ready means of discovery, and must now depend largely on chance, but my experience is that chance is a much more fruitful source of discovery than ordinary judgment. The best things I have done in my line have been by taking advantage of lucky accidents."

"I cannot put much faith in that means of discovery."

"You have not my experience. Of course chance is of no account unless one is ready to take advantage of it. I have fifty men constantly on the look-out for the lost Mr. Willing. If he is found, the lady will soon be forthcoming. And at what minute may he not be found? I have here now directions to a house in the upper part of the city that may possibly serve as his hiding place."

"Are you going there now?"

"Yes."

"Wait a moment. I will go along."

Only pausing to change his coat and put on his hat, Harry accompanied the detective on his errand.

The house lay in Poplar street, in its closest and narrowest portion. Knocking at the door, which was guiltless of bell-pull, they were, after some delay, admitted into an unpapered entry, whose walls, originally white, were unpleasantly colored with the prints of finger-marks and greasy shoulders innumerable.

"Who do you want to see?" asked the woman who had admitted them.

"Ah, there is the gentleman now," said the detective, stepping hastily forward to where a man had just crossed the entry with a skulking motion, and disappeared in a room beyond.

"One moment, my friend, I have a question to ask you," said Wood, throwing open the door in question.

The person addressed turned sulkily round, just as his questioner had recommenced speaking.

"I want a bit of information, which I'm told you— Hallo! By the powers, I've had my eyes on that phiz before! No use, Jack," he continued, as the man involuntarily raised his hand to his face. "I know you like a book. What brings you here, hey?"

"I'm going to try a turn at honesty, Mr. Wood. Rascality don't pay, and that's a fact. I hope you won't blow on me, but just give me a chance to make an honest living, if I can get a place."

"I won't hinder you, that's sure. Come, Mr. Graham, I see there's nothing for us here. Keep to it, Jack, like a man. I'll back you."

The man sulkily nodded, and they left the house.

"Who is he, Mr. Wood?" asked Harry.

"One of the most expert burglars in the States. His honest dodge is all sham. There's some big job afoot, or Jack Bouncer wouldn't be here."

"And what made you so easily satisfied about our special object in going there?"

"Oh, that's not his lay. He takes no outside jobs. I'd like to know what the man's after here. New York is his place of operation."

The sun had been for some time set, and it was now rapidly growing dark. They proceeded, in company, toward the centre of the city, conversing on the principal subject that occupied their thoughts, and considering the prospects for the future.

Graham was strongly disposed to despondency, which the detective did his best to overcome, taking a much more hopeful view of the matter, and professing himself sure that ere long he would penetrate the mystery that so puzzled them.

When they reached Chestnut street they found the sidewalks occupied by a considerable throng of people, who appeared to be waiting expectantly. The sound of distant music was also heard, and ere they could inquire the cause, the head of a procession turned out of Third into Chestnut street, and commenced to march up the latter street.

It proved to be a political torchlight procession, the long line of blazing torches illuminating the street and the faces of the spectators with a lurid glare, that stretched far up the street, as the procession continued to advance.

Suddenly the detective grasped his companion by the arm, and pointed across the street. There, lit by the flashing torches, and just visible through an opening in the long line of people, his quick eye had caught a glimpse of the face of Benjamin Willing.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

UNDER THE BLACK BEAM.

Ever a wanderer at heart, I am as fond to this day, at the age of sixty-three, of tramping about from place to place as when I first began to feel my legs, and when a certain independence gave me the freedom to use them as I pleased. Not as a mere pedestrian do I take my walks abroad (though I have done my thirty-five miles in a day when necessary), but because I have been of an inquiring turn of mind, liking to see for myself as much as possible, at home and abroad, the ways of men and cities. Not as a mere superficial observer either (if I may say it of myself) have I tramped these many years up and down the world. I have always watched with as much interest the workings of social, commercial and political institutions as I have the outer aspect of people, things and places; making thorough acquaintance with the varied conditions of my kind, as circumstances or the country's laws beget them.

Equally attractive, too, have ever been the beauties of nature. These, under every phase and aspect, have employed as fair a share of my attention and enthusiasm as have the abodes of men. The solitudes of mountains, forests, or the sea-shore have had equal charms, in their turn, with the hum and bustle of commercial centres; and I believe I have appreciated, with the enthusiasm of a painter, all the glories of form and color which nature displays, with such prodigal hands, to those who have the eye to appreciate and the heart to feel them.

But I must stay my pen; it is not, fortunately for the reader, to give an account of my personal predilections that I have taken it up; only thus much about myself it has been necessary to say, for the understanding of what is to follow. Naturally, some amount of adventure must have resulted from such a life? some episodes, serious and comic, that may be more or less worth the telling. To tell of the most serious, however, of all that ever befell me, is the purpose of this present writing—so serious, indeed, that there was well-nigh a chance of its having brought my nomadic existence to a premature and ignoble close. Very horrible was that time, and I shall never cease to look back at it with a shudder, though nearly thirty years have passed since then.

Well, it was the merry month of July, and upon a gorse and bramble-covered eminence overhanging a certain retired little fishing-town, sat an artist hard at work at his easel. Sheltered by his white umbrella from the rays of the fierce but declining sun, absorbed in the portrayal of the lovely landscape before him, he failed to observe the noiseless approach of a strolling pedestrian. This latter, however, did not (as he at first felt inclined) go up and boldly examine the sketch, but flung himself down at a little distance, and thence contemplated, as his strong eyesight enabled him to do, the aspect of the painter himself; for there was something peculiar about him, at once fascinating and disagreeable. Fascinating, because he was young, good-looking, wild and enthusiastic; disagreeable, because his appearance conjured up some unpleasant and at the same time untraceable reminiscence. Where had I seen him before?

This was the question that interested me, so soon as I came close enough to see his face, and to its solution I devoted myself unsuccessfully for nearly a quarter of an hour, as I lay there watching him. He did not notice me all that while, but at last, rising from his camp-stool, and stepping back to take a more distant view of his work, he glanced in my direction, and apparently annoyed at the unexpected presence of a stranger, scowled forbiddingly, and in resettling to his work so readjusted his umbrella as to shield himself from further observation. Taking the hint, I immediately rose and departed toward the town, where I was staying. He, too, was evidently staying at the same place, for, after this first evening's meeting, I constantly came across him in the neighborhood. I was there, as I am anywhere during my wanderings, for my own behoof and pleasure; sketching, boating, botanising, what not; but whenever I met this young fellow, I somehow seemed to wish I were somewhere else, for associated with him was always the same vague, unpleasant reminiscence, which I could not account for.

One day, reluctantly on his part, but determinately on mine, we got into conversation. I had been sketching down on the shore; he arrived there, apparatus in hand, and seemed casting about in doubt as to where he should settle himself for a sketch. Very civilly I ventured a suggestion as to position. He thanked me curtly in a grating voice. I took advantage of this introduction, to see if I could, by a little talk with him, discover the cause of the curious effect his presence always had upon me, and find an answer to the forever unduly recurring question, Where have I seen him before?

"I am a mere amateur, you know," I went on to say, "but I am very fond of art; I have seen a good deal of it, and I know very many artists. I can't help thinking I must have met you at some time or other, but for the life of me I cannot remember where."

"It may be," he replied, abstractedly, as he gazed round at sea and sky, cliff and rock. "I don't remember you; on that ledge, there, do you say there is a good subject?" he added, pointing to a spot I had indicated.

"Yes. I will show you exactly where I think it comes best; I have been trying to do a little daub of it; it may give you an idea of the lines as they arrange themselves." And I took the sketch from my folio whilst speaking.

He gave but the merest glance at it, looking with his fierce, piercing eyes in another direction the next instant, reminding me of the ever-shifting, ever far-off gaze observable in some birds or beasts of prey. We moved toward the ledge of rock. I continued, "You have been doing a good deal of work here, I imagine?"

No answer. I repeated my inquiry.

"I beg your pardon; what did you say? Oh! yes, yes," he quickly added, "a great deal, a great deal; there's fine stuff about here; just what I like;" but as soon as we began to walk he bent his gaze upon the ground, and became very absent.

I was garrulous, however, as is my wont; in my time I have drawn out and developed the most unpromising, hermit-like people into really conversational, pleasant beings. So I went on chatting, and as we reached the ledge of rock began to point out the subject; but he soon cut me short, and in an awkward, absent manner, and with a strange forbidding look, declared that he had done with sketching for the day, and abruptly turned away by a path up the face of the cliff. Not prepossessed by this little interview, I endeavored to dismiss him from my thoughts, and in this I fairly well succeeded, for more than a week elapsed ere I saw him again. Then we met accidentally in the street of the little town, and apparently determined that I should not forget him, he made as if he were going to stop and speak; then, seeming to alter his mind, he gave me a sullen scowl and passed on.

"Confound the fellow," I thought, "what does he mean by frowning at me? I wish I could remember where I have seen him before." After this I saw him but once again, but that once was sufficient for a lifetime.

Far away upon the lonely, desolate shore which stretches for miles to the west of the little fishing-town, I find myself late one evening at the end of that same July, apparently the only living creature to be seen. A canopy of heavy storm-clouds, which have been welling slowly up from the South for several hours, has now obscured the Summer sky as with a pall, bringing into ghostly relief the cliffs abounding on the coast, and the solitary white-washed coast-guard station standing upon the highest promontory. I have strolled thither after my usual habit in such neighborhoods, watching the effects of wind and weather, and making notes of the beauties that strike me. The natural approach of twilight is hastened by the ever-deepening gloom of the clouds; I shall barely save the daylight as it is, and knowing there is a short cut across the downs, I ascend a cliff-path which passes close by the coast-guard station. Exchanging a word or two with the man on duty at the look-out about the coming storm, I make straight off for a copse or fir plantation through which the way lies. This is scarcely three hundred yards distant, but to reach it I have to descend into a little cup-like hollow of the hill, the bottom of which is not in view until I am close upon it. As I reach it, the first thing I see is my artist friend packing up his traps, and evidently on the point of starting homeward. He has been sketching, and I come up with him unavoidably, as he is just slinging his haversack on to his shoulder, and after an awkward sort of recognition, we ascend the further side of the little valley, and enter the wood together. The path almost immediately becomes so narrow that there is no room for us to walk side by side, so we go on in Indian file, he taking the lead, which I have willingly accorded him. As I do not greatly care for his company, it is my intention to drop well behind, but he proceeds so slowly that I cannot keep much distance between us. I endeavor to stimulate his pace by suggesting that we shall get a wetting if we don't push ahead, for large rain-drops are beginning to patter solemnly among the trees, which now growing thicker and thicker, lend additional gloom to the place.

He takes no notice of what I say, and, as now I cannot pass him, we jog on as we are for a few paces. I know that presently the wood will open a little at a clearing; "then," I say to myself, "I will go on independently." Just before we reach this spot his haversack slips, and appears to inconvenience him, laden as he is with easel, camp-stool, etc. As he endeavors to restrap it, two or three small articles fall out—a color-box, a brush-case, a small pocket sketch-book, a sponge, a water-bottle. Hastily picking up the two former, and cramming them back into the sack, he goes on without apparently noticing the book and the other things. I come upon them, and pick them up. I call to him.

"Bring them along," he replies, without stopping or looking back; "put them in your pocket; I don't want them."

"Nonsense, my dear sir," I say, hurrying up behind him, "here's your book and—"

"Keep it, keep it," he hastily interrupts; "it will be of use to you, it's of none to me. There are some useful figures in it. You are a dabbling amateur, and amateurs are seldom good at figures."

Again I remonstrate; again he repeats something to the same effect as before; and as I cannot get him to stop or turn round, I carry the articles for a little way, irresolute, and then, as some overhanging branches oblige me to push them aside, I drop the sketch-book, etc., mechanically into my shooting-coat pocket, in order to get the free use of my hand. In another minute we are emerging into the clearing, where there is more light, and I am about to renew my protestations concerning the book, thinking all the while how odd his manner is, when he, on a sudden, turns round, faces me, and with a jerk and clatter flings down his sketching apparatus.

I am not less startled by the abruptness of this proceeding than by his strange and wild expression. His face, always long and thin, now looks horribly so, and ghastly pale, whilst his eyes, usually bright and piercing, have a cat-like glaze over them, and glitter rather than shine. The nasal and cheek-bones stand out with undue prominence; one of his thin bony hands runs quickly through his wavy brown hair, pushing off his wideawake; his other, raised to his inner breast-pocket, nervously clutches what, to my horror, I see is the butt end of a pistol. There is a clammy crust of foam round his thin beardless lips, as he gasps out in his hollow grating voice, "You are right; we have met before; but we shall never meet there again! Villain, blasphemer, perjurer though I am, I will not have my steps dogged by you, or any one. Never again within those walls shall—"

He is drawing his pistol out now, and I am on the point of rushing at him, when he steps briskly back a pace or two, turns the muzzle straight against his heart, and with the loud ringing report that follows, springs high into the air, and falls face downward at my feet, dead.

With a frantic impulse I turn the body over, and then for the first time, as I gaze upon his agonised and distorted features, I remember with the suddenness of a lightning flash where I have seen him before.

It was in the padded room at the Homeskirk lunatic asylum.

Aghast, bewildered, unconscious of what next happens, I only know that some little while later I am surrounded by a small group of people, two or three coast-guardsmen, and a farm-laborer. One of the former, a petty officer by his uniform, addresses me civilly but firmly.

"This is a bad business, sir! I don't know what you may wish to say about it; but, if I may make so bold, I'd recommend you to say nothing now."

"Say nothing now? Why? What do you mean?"

"Well, you see, sir, it might complicate matters. We shall have to repeat what you say, and it might be used against you."

"Used against me?" say I, the truth not yet dawning on me; "explain youself."

"Well, my man here, who was on duty at the look-out, saw you and" (here the coast-guardsman gives a jerk with his thumb over his shoulder,) and the young gentleman that was making the draft, come into the wood together—and a few minutes afterward he hears the report of fire-arms; and as it is his duty to inquire into such things, and to prevent 'em, lest they be mistook for signals, why, you see, he runs quickly down the hill, and up here into this bit of clearing, and what does he find? Why you, kneeling over the unfortunate young gentleman, with the pistol in one hand and the other a-feeling inside the breast of his coat, and then, when my man fetches us, he says, 'That young fellow, when he was making his draft this afternoon began talking to me, and when I asked him about his draftings, and supposed they was worth a good deal of money, he replies, "Money! I should think they were too! see here!" and he pulls out of a little book a whole bundle of bank-notes, and flourishes 'em in my face, saying, "I've got all these for some drawings I have made lately hereabouts."' Well, you see, sir, when my man tells me this, the first thing we do when we come here is to overhaul the young gentleman's pockets, and then the notes and the little drafting-book where he had 'em are nowhere to be seen—and this being the case, I'm afraid I must keep my eye upon you till I have reported the matter to the police."

As the coast-guardsman proceeds with this statement, I gradually become aware of the serious position I am in; and just as he finishes, I recollect that probably the sketch-book in question, is the one at this moment in my pocket. The long-impending storm now bursts overhead in a deluge of rain; the wind rages; and amidst thunder and lightning and a pitchy-darkness, I am taken back virtually in custody to the lonely coast-guard station.

Committed for trial on the charge of wilful murder! Thus stood I, "under the black beam," the shadow of the gallows, for the verdict of the coroner's jury and the decision of the local magistrates went dead against me.

That I have long since emerged from it is of course pretty evident—but men have been hanged upon less circumstantial evidence than was brought against me. Forty-five pounds in notes were stuffed into the pocket of that fatal sketch-book which was found in my possession. It was impossible for me to prove that I had not stolen it, or that the pistol did not belong to me. True no one had ever seen me with it until the coast-guardsman came up, but equally true was it that no one had ever seen the unhappy man with such a weapon. We could never find out how he came by it, or how he had managed so carefully to conceal it. These were awkward facts which told heavily against me, setting aside minor details. No, there was only one line of defence, and this, in the end, was adopted successfully.

I had to prove that the young artist was a suicidal maniac, who had been in confinement in the Homeskirk Asylum at the time I had visited it some few years previously; that he had been released under the impression that he was cured; and that it was quite possible for the malady to have returned. I could but rely on my position in life, and my hitherto untarnished character for having my account of the tragedy believed.

But, ah me! the anxiety whilst these things were pending and the evidence got together. The director to the asylum who had shown me over it was dead: the keepers or attendants changed or discharged; the medical men and other authorities connected with the case were all in the far North, and were subpœnaed with considerable difficulty. The friends of the unfortunate lunatic had been greatly to blame in allowing him such unwatched freedom, but it was thought that in permitting him to travel in pursuit of his much-loved art, they were adopting the surest means of restoring him to health. I recollected afterward that he had been pointed out to me, during my inquisitorial visit to the asylum, as a peculiar case of monomania. He believed that he had committed some dreadful crime, which he could only expiate with his life. I recollect that he eyed me distrustfully, appearing to overhear and resent the muttered remarks the doctor made about him. He recognized me probably from the first, when we again met on the height above that little sea-side town, and my face may have revived in his poor demented brain some horrible and mysterious association, and thus became the exciting cause of that access of his madness which ended in self-destruction. However this may have been, it was not difficult to account for the strange and disagreeable effect his presence always had upon me. Could I but have remembered earlier where I had seen him before, I should have been, of course, on my guard. His life, poor fellow, might have been spared, and I should have escaped the fearful suffering I endured whilst standing under the shadow of the Black Beam.

☞ WOMEN HAVE NO "FIRST LOVE."—A cynical essayist remarks as one of the oddest points of difference between man and woman, that woman has no first love. The long alphabet of her affections is without any distinct end or beginning. She mounts by insensible gradations from dolls, and kittens, and pet-brothers, to the zenith of passion, to descend by insensible gradations from the zenith of passion through pet-brothers to tabby-cats. There is no such event as a first kiss forms in a boy's life, to mark for woman the transition from girlhood to the sudden maturity of passion; she has been kissing, and purring, and fondling, and petting from her cradle, and she will pet, and fondle, and purr, and kiss to her grave.

☞ A good coal-fire these cool mornings is a grate comfort.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ Preferred creditors—Those who do not lun.

☞ How to cut a swell—Turn your back on him.

☞ A peculiar kind of powder, that invariably misses fire, is sold for duelling purposes by a storekeeper at Brassheir, Louisiana.

☞ A matter-of-fact Danburian being asked if he saw Rubinstein when in New York, vacantly responded: "Why, no; was he looking for me?"

☞ They utilize ague-stricken people out West by sending them up apple-trees to shake down the mellow fruit.

☞ A Halifax man married a lady the other day without consulting his grown-up daughters. They whipped him, pulled her hair, and took him home in triumph.

☞ Between Easton and Leavenworth the stage from Oskaloosa crosses the track of the Kansas Central railway. The driver considers it dangerous for the narrow-guage cars, and, to prevent their being run down, is going to put up a warning for the engineers like this: "Crossing—Look out for the Oskaloosa hack."

There was a young lady of Tenby,
Who wrote to her *confidante*, "N. B.
I don't want to wed,
No such thought's in my head,
But—where can the eyes of the men be?"

☞ A barber in Titusville, while cutting the hair of a rural customer, ran his shears against some hard substance, which proved to be a whetstone. The old farmer said he "had missed that whetstone ever since haying-time last July, and had looked all over a ten-acre lot for it, but now remembered sticking it up over his ear."

☞ The young man on Olive street, who thinks he has a fine tenor voice, was vaccinated with a brick-bat by a sleepless neighbor last night.—*St. Louis Globe.*

☞ The San Francisco Post publishes a poem which it triumphantly says is from the pen of a girl of thirteen. Very few readers will believe she is so old.—*Exchange.*

☞ A Danbury sportsman has got into trouble by firing at what he supposed to be a scare-crow, but which turned out to be an agriculturist contemplating his fields in fatigue dress.

☞ Henry Clay, a Chippewa Indian, has eloped with the wife of a Detroit pale-face, and the pale-face has started on the trail of the forest-child.

☞ Speaking of the danger of catching the small-pox from handling greenbacks, a country editor congratulates himself that he is safe enough.

☞ So much rain has recently fallen in the vicinity of St. Albans, Vt., that, says the Messenger, "this region will have to be web-footed or drown before long."

☞ A Maryland man hanged himself last week, and although it was clearly proven on the inquest that his mother-in-law had taken up her abode in his house, the coroner's jury was obtuse enough to render a verdict of unaccountable suicide.

☞ A thrilling and romantic story, published in a Western paper, contains the following passage: "All of a sudden the girl continued to sit on the sand, gazing on the briny deep, on whose heaving bosom the tall ships went merrily by, freighted—ah! who can tell with how much of joy and sorrow, and pine and lumber and emigrants and hopes and salt fish!"

☞ Is American geography so difficult a matter for Europeans to understand, or do they think it not worth their while to understand it? A Paris paper lately gave the very curious and interesting information that the Victoria Bridge on the St. Lawrence extends from the shore of Portland, in Maine, to Port Sarnia, near Lake Huron.

☞ The Titusville Press says: "Titusville was not the birth-place of 'the Father of his Country,' but we have a man residing here who slipped up on a muddy crossing this forenoon and sat down on a roll of butter which he was carrying home, and, instead of swearing, he simply arose, scraped the butter from his pants into the paper again, and went on again as if nothing had happened."

☞ "The fair women and brave men" in the country towns of California amuse themselves at public meetings by voting to each other the prize for beauty. At Petaluma, lately, a committee of five ladies was appointed to determine who was the handsomest man in the audience, and award the prize. After a careful tour of inspection through the aisles, a lovely editor was singled out by a majority of the committee. Editorial life in California certainly has its amenities.

☞ A Chicago critic explains the drama thus: "By the term drama, be it understood we mean such a congeries of delineations and scenes as are co-ordinated into a vivid and harmonious picture of the genuine features of life." Now, we always thought the drama was something like that, but we were a trifle doubtful about the "congeries of delineations."

☞ An Ohio girl, driven to frenzy by a boil on her nose, lately committed suicide.

☞ An Iowa paper advertises for "an apprentice, girl or boy, we don't care which, only that the office be kept clean and the wood sawed."

☞ A loving swain in Maine dedicated a napkin ring "To my almost wife."

☞ An Illinois insane man travels on all-fours, and imagines himself a bull.

☞ A subscriber wrote to the editor of a Newark paper to ask the meaning of the phrase *more omnibus communis*. The editor said that it was a French sentence, intended to explain something about Morse's omnibus being of service to the community.

☞ The Virginia (Nev.) Enterprise says the Chinese in the Celestial quarter of that city are jubilating most of the time at some of their temples. "Almost nightly a god of some kind turns up who demands a considerable expenditure for fire-crackers. Although very stingy in some respects, the Chinese go their last cent on their gods."

☞ The city editor of the Indianapolis Sentinel speaks of the sprightly lunatic who presides over the city department of the Journal. The Journal retorts by a gentle allusion to the idiotic wanderer temporarily roosting on the local columns of the Sentinel.

☞ Red table-napkins are coming much into use in restaurants, and it is suggested as a reason, that it is because people used to mistake the white ones for pocket-handkerchiefs and carry them away.

☞ In Nova Scotia the farmers and lumbermen yoke their oxen by the horns, and they say they can pull larger loads than oxen yoked in the manner prevalent in this country.

☞ A scientific friend who has been reading, with great patience, an exhaustive treatise on the "velocity of light," says that he now knows how it is that his gas-bill runs up so rapidly.

☞ Some despairing female has sent a letter to the Postmaster of Portland, Me., directed to the "wealthiest unmarried man in Portland, to be delivered by the Postmaster within two days."

☞ Avoid arguments with women. In spinning yarns among silks and satins a man will always be worsted or twisted, and finally wound up.

☞ It is gratifying to witness the signs of enterprise in our youth, and it fills the heart with pride to state that at Carlton, Ia., a boy only seven years old climbed a greased pole and won a $20 watch. The clothes he did it in cost $25.

☞ A convict in Canada has been pardoned for jumping into a lake near the prison, and saving a drowning keeper.

FAITHFUL MARGARET;

OR,

FOUND AT LAST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CLIO STANLEY.

I.

Margaret Grey sat in the Summer twilight singing to herself a little song that she had learned years before when she was a light-hearted girl in her pleasant home in merry England.

The moon came softly up in the sky while she sat by the window, and bathed her fairer face in its fair light, while a sweeter breath of song floated out into the purple atmosphere.

"To-day, or to-morrow, then," Victor Ensign was saying in the next room, "you will give me an answer, Leslie."

What a tender touch his fingers had—what a subtle music lingered in every tone, as he leaned nearer to catch her whispered reply.

And then—instead of the low "yes" for which he waited, there came that burst of song which drowned every other sound as the sunlight drowns the little wave of color on the rose.

Breathlessly he waited, and glancing up Leslie Russell caught the eager meaning of his look.

"You are thinking of the song and not of me," she exclaimed pettishly, "You need not expect your answer for a week, though it would only be fair if I should tell you 'no' this minute."

"I will not deny," he said, softly, "that the song interrupted my thought of you—say rather *met* it like a brave accompaniment. I used to sing it years ago; and, if my memory serves me faithfully, it is a song of youth and love. Can you wonder if it seemed like a prophecy?"

"Are you telling me the truth, Victor?"

He bent over and kissed her red lips, and murmured the refrain to the song which had so strangely moved him.

"Forgive me," she said, the vexed frown vanishing from her face. "I will not make you wait. I will be your wife, Victor."

"Thank you, darling! You have made me the happiest man in the universe! And now you shall tell me who the ugly little singer is who dared to trouble us with her song?"

"You are laughing at me now," she said, with a shy movement nearer him, and she put her hand in his. "Margaret Grey is neither little nor ugly."

"Margaret Grey! Is she a friend of yours? If so, I will never say a word against her."

"Not quite a friend, though papa did bring her here to be a companion for me. I am sure," she said, a sudden shiver of dread running over her, "I wish she had never come away from England!

"English, too!" he exclaimed, though he could have bitten his tongue out the next minute to think he had used that unguarded expression.

"*English, too!*" repeated Leslie, her bright face growing a shade paler. "What does that mean, Victor? I hope there is no mystery about Miss Grey."

"Not that I know of," he said, laughing. "I was only surprised that your mother should tolerate anything foreign in her house. You see I am fast learning her likes and dislikes, little Blossom."

"Mamma doesn't quite fancy her, I believe, but papa, when he was dying, made her promise to be a friend to Margaret, and never to send her away, unless she married or herself expressed a wish to go. I think she was the daughter of an old friend of papa's."

"Then she has lived here since your father died? That is nine months, and yet I have never seen her."

"She asked for a holiday after papa's death, and went away somewhere into the country to rest, and she only came back three days ago. But don't talk of her any longer, Victor, or I shall be jealous."

"*You* jealous, Leslie. I never used to think you *could* be jealous!"

"But I am," she replied, with a quick glance from her dark eyes. "I am jealous of that home in England which I have never seen, and which you love so well. I am jealous of the very servants who have surrounded you with loving attentions from your boyhood until now; and more than all, I am jealous of those fair English girls who have been your companions. You are ten years older than I, Victor,—tell me if you loved any other woman before you saw me?"

"Haven't I told you a hundred times, you vain little puss, that I don't know a woman's face but yours! Other forms and faces—no matter how fair—have passed me by like shadows; but *yours*, little Blossom—I know it by heart!"

"Shut your eyes, then, and tell me how I look."

He shut his eyes, and leaned back against the dark velvet cushions of the chair, a half-defined smile playing about the corners of his mouth.

"Now begin," she said, softly.

"First," he said, reaching out his hand until he could touch the proud little head, "there are two eyes shining down on me like stars; they are blue in the sunshine, and purple as pansies in the shade; there is a straight little nose, and a beautiful mouth, delicious rosy cheeks, made for a lover's kisses; a dainty chin with a dimple in it, and a slender white throat, fit only for strings of milk-white pearls! Then, over all, there is a wealth of nut-brown hair hanging in fragrant tendrils around my darling's face, where just now the lily and the rose are having sweet contention. May I open my eyes *now*, Blossom?"

There was no reply, and he looked up suddenly, to find Leslie with her face hidden in her hands, and tears dropping through her fingers.

"Why, Leslie, darling, what is the matter?"

"Oh, Victor!" she said, still softly sobbing, though the smiles began to dawn through the tearful rain; "do you really love me as I love you? If I am your wife, will there never be another face to come between us? Tell me *now*, Victor, for then I think I could not bear the knowledge."

There was a moment's solemn pause between them, and then Victor Ensign said gravely: "Trust me, dear Leslie, *nothing* shall ever come between us—not even a memory."

II.

Never in all her young, careless life had Leslie Russell awakened so joyfully as on that first day after she had promised to be Victor Ensign's wife.

It was the first day of May; and bird-songs were ringing, the gay, golden sunbeams were dancing on the green sward at her feet, and over the far-away purple hills a mantle of soft mist hung, kissed by the glad morning from sober gray to a brilliant amethyst.

She sat at her window a long time, looking out with sparkling eyes upon the landscape whose smallest feature had been familiar to her from her childhood; but she did not not o) one of its varied beauties—she only felt that Victor loved her, and under that sweet knowledge all the world grew bright.

It seemed to her as if she had no longer any wish ungratified, unless it was—ah, there was Victor coming up the walk, and with a gay good-morning she flew down the stairs to welcome him before he could open the door.

But when she reached the lower hall, Margaret Grey stood like a shadow in her path, and she turned away half-undecided as to whether she should open the door for her lover, or await him in the library.

As she paused, with one foot resting lightly on the lower stair, Margaret passed her with a smile, saying she must go up and see that the breakfast-room was supplied with flowers.

"Flowers!" exclaimed Leslie in surprise. "Where did you get such beauties?"

And she bent her head to hide her pink cheeks among the pink blossoms.

"In the woods, dear," Margaret replied, kissing the white forehead lightly, while her own cheeks burned brightly. "They are only simple wild flowers, but I know how your mother enjoys seeing them near her always, and so—"

"But there is the garden," Leslie said, a slight surprise in her voice, "fairly overflowing with flowers. Couldn't you have gathered your bouquet there?"

"To tell the truth," Margaret replied, laughing. "I believe the bright morning tempted me. *I* was up three hours ago," she added, casting a loving, backward glance at Leslie, as she vanished around the bend in the stairway.

At that moment the walnut leaves of the outer door swung open, and Victor Ensign came in, a perplexed look in his dark eyes. But it was succeeded by an expression of instant relief when he saw that Leslie was alone.

"*Dear* Leslie!" he murmured, as she sprang to meet him half-way. "You must forgive such an early intrusion, but I could wait no longer to know if my happiness was a reality! The shadows of the night made me half afraid that my joy was after all only a dream."

"A pleasant dream is sometimes better than the reality!" Leslie said, laughing.

"But not in this case," he rejoined. "I wish I had you safe and sure, my darling."

Looking up, Leslie saw her mother standing silent on the stairs above her. Her face was very pale, and she struggled vainly with the emotions which strove to master her.

"Mamma, dear mamma!" Leslie cried, dropping her lover's hand, and running up to meet to her mother.

But her mother's face was turned away, and her hand was cold in Leslie's grasp.

"Mrs. Russell, will you give me just ten minutes before breakfast?"

"As many minutes as you wish," she replied, a little haughtily. "Leslie, wait for me up-stairs; I will see Mr. Ensign in the library."

Leslie would have demurred, but a single glance at her mother's face warned her to obey in silence. So she went on to the breakfast-room, where she stood idly by the table and pulled to pieces the tiny bouquet Margaret had left at her plate.

Mrs. Russell went on to the library, and shutting the door, motioned her visitor to a seat opposite her own.

"And now, Mr. Ensign, what is it you have to say to me?"

"I want to marry your daughter," he said, coming at once to the point. "I told her last night that I loved her, and asked her to be my wife."

"And what did Miss Russell say? Though I suppose I can guess from the tableau this morning."

"She acknowledged that she *loved* me," he said, a smile of sweet triumph in his eyes. "I do not think you will refuse to make us happy, Mrs. Russell?"

"I refuse you nothing," she said, calmly, "but as Leslie has no father to look after her interests you must excuse me if I ask what are your prospects of maintaining my daughter."

"I have still my business to depend on; and my uncle, of whom I once spoke to Mr. Russell, died at his home in Newcastle last month, and I am his only heir."

"And his estate—" Mrs. Russell continued, leaning eagerly forward.

There was a fine scorn on Victor Ensign's face, but he suppressed all other token of it.

"Your daughter *loves* me as a poor man, Mrs. Russell; but to you I will say that my income will be thirty thousand dollars a year."

A swift red mantled Mrs. Russell's face and neck, but she managed to rise with her usual dignity.

"We must think of everything," she said, giving her hand to her future son-in-law. "Young people, lovers especially, think they can live on sentiment; while those of us who have lived longer in the world know *that* is only a flavoring!"

"You are satisfied then with Leslie's decision?"

"Yes," she said. And then she invited him to spend the evening with them. "*I* must have her a little longer," she added, with an affected sigh.

He could do nothing else, then, but to go away and count the long hours that must elapse before he could hope to see Leslie.

And Mrs. Russell sank back in her chair with a satisfied smile on her face, for she had done just what she had always intended to do. She had accepted a rich husband for her daughter.

III.

Margaret Grey had fought a stern battle with her own heart, and come off conqueror.

A dozen times she had said to herself that she would go to Victor Ensign, and, for the sake of those old, happy times in merry England, beg him to be her friend still.

"I have sacrificed so *much* for her mother—must I make yet another sacrifice for Leslie's sake?"

But then over and above every bitter feeling was the memory of the light kiss Leslie Russell had left on her lips that very morning. Her very heart thrilled as she thought of it, and her eyes ran over with tears.

"No!" she exclaimed. "Mine shall not be the hand to dash down her cup of happiness. If I must live in silence, and carry these secrets to the grave with me, I will not make a hardship of the duty."

And brushing the waves of dark hair back from her brow, she tied on her pretty, gypsy hat, and taking up the letter she had just written, went down stairs a little slower past the room where Leslie was singing to her lover, and out the front door.

If she heard the swift steps that followed her own down the avenue of oaks, she made no sign, but went on toward the gate that opened on the street.

But just there, the footsteps overtook hers, and she saw, with shining eyes and flushing cheeks, Victor Ensign's hand on the gate-latch.

"Victor," she murmured, half under her breath.

"Do not speak here, dear Margaret, though I *know* you have every right. Meet me down in the woods where you go for flowers, at five o'clock to-morrow morning. We can talk there without fear of interruption."

She bowed in assent; he lifted his hat courteously as he held the gate open for her to pass through, and then with hasty steps he turned in an opposite direction to that which she took.

And Leslie, watching her lover from the window, thought, while a little spasm of jealousy stirred her heart-strings, and a shadow light as a Summer cloud rested on her brow.

"*Of* course he had to open the gate for her! Victor is always a gentleman.

And as he looked back just then, she blew a kiss lightly from the tips of her slender fingers, and nodded merrily as he passed out of sight.

When he was in his room, Victor Ensign walked restlessly up and down for an hour, taking long strides and then suddenly coming to a full stop, as some more startling thought crossed his brain.

"So the old faces come back, and how near the days seem that I thought I was half forgetting," he muttered to himself. "Poor Margaret, I *am* sorry for her, yet I am *not* brave enough to tell Leslie the truth!"

And flinging up the window, he sat down to think.

Thoughts came fast thronging to his brain of the old, happy days in England; of those new, still happier days in America; yet in all his new-found happiness he had no thought of pity for poor, lonely Margaret.

He had only come to the old decision after all, at the end of another hour.

The next morning he took a long walk over the fields to meet Margaret Grey.

What passed between them there was not known until long afterward, when Leslie Russell had known great grief, and a new happiness was springing up in her own life.

Margaret was very grave after that—it was weeks before Leslie saw her smile again, and when the day was finally set for her marriage, Margaret said she had other duties which called her away, and refused to stay to the wedding.

"I am sure something ails Margaret," Leslie said to her lover, as they sat together in the parlor, the last night of her happy maiden life; "some one has made her unhappy, and if I knew who it was, I could never forgive them!"

"Since when have you become Miss Grey's defender?" Victor Ensign asked with a faint smile. "I have thought you were even jealous of her sometimes, my darling."

"I *have* been," she said, frankly; "but," dashing the tell-tale tears from her lovely eyes, "I shall never be jealous again. Now that she is really going to leave us, I find that I *love* her, Victor. It is a strange, sad love, almost such, I imagine, as I might give to a sister if I had one, and was going to lose her."

"She will come back to you, sometime, perhaps?"

"No. I do not think she will. But I shall love her always. Only one thing could make me love her any less."

"And the one thing, Leslie?"

"Would be to know that *you* loved her," said Leslie, slowly, leaning her head down on her lover's shoulder.

But the subject was not broached again. In the joy of the bridal festivities, every minor grief was forgotten; as Leslie Ensign, Leslie knew no hours but bright hours.

For several months they travelled in their own country, in company with Mrs. Russell. She only left them when they reached England, and she met friends who were returning.

"I don't like England," she said to Leslie, the night before her departure, "and I would much rather be in my own house again. You must learn to do without your mother now, my child."

And Leslie, feeling in her heart that she could give up everybody but her husband, answered only by her blushes.

IV.

The next morning Leslie rose with a light heart, and went out on the piazza to bid her mother good-bye. As she leaned over the stone balustrade, nodding merrily, and throwing kisses from her white hand, as long as the carriage was in sight, Victor thought she had never seemed half so beautiful.

It was quite true that for a long time she had not been so happy; now she felt that her mother was quite reconciled to her choice of a husband; and, what brought a tenderer light to her eyes, she was alone with him for the first time since they were married.

She heard his step and turned to meet him; her happy smile answered his look of admiration—but when they reached their own room she fell upon his breast, her lovely face bathed in blushes.

"No one can disturb us now!" she said, eagerly. "It seems almost as if we were alone in the world! See how those blossoming vines shut us in, and surround us with a fragrance that is like a breath of Paradise!"

"Are you quite happy now, Leslie?" he asked, holding her little warm hand against his cheek. "Do you want nothing else?"

"What could I want when I have you?" she whispered.

And as she looked out through the sunlighted lattice of vines, she thought the world had never before looked half so fair.

It was no less fair, when one day, nearly a month later, Victor had left her alone, to take a morning stroll. Leslie did not care for such early strolls, and so he had formed the habit of going alone, and bringing home a bunch of flowers, as a reminder of the walk.

They had been a week settled in their new home, in this pleasant little village of Guerre, to which Victor had seemed almost averse to come—but which Leslie already declared to be the loveliest spot they had found in all their travels.

There had been a light shower that morning, but it had already passed over, and the earth looked up again into the face of a summer sky.

Although Leslie had declined going out with her husband, now that the out-door world looked so inviting, she felt a sudden inclination to follow him.

Her cosey morning-room, already grown so dear and familiar, looked strange in his absence; and she tried to think of some excuse for venturing out in hope of meeting him before he returned.

"My flowers!" she exclaimed, as her eyes rested a moment on the delicate vases which only the day before had been filled with fresh flowers. "They are surely beginning to fade, and I must find more."

And with her young face brightening with joyful excitement, she threw on her mantle and hat, and went out, leaving word with the servant, that if his master returned first, he should tell him her errand.

The sun was smiling in the sky, and only a few light clouds were flitting like gray ghosts out of sight.

Leslie paused for a moment, the door swinging oddly back and forth under her hand; then laughing at her own hesitation, she went down the steps, swinging the outer door together with a very gentle push; for did it not shut in a bit of Paradise?

She turned down the first street, walking idly along scanning the walks for her little flower-girl. Just as she began to despair of finding her that morning, she saw her coming toward her with her basket full of bouquets freshly made and temptingly arranged.

"Bouquets, lady?" said the child, in her sweet, timid voice, reading the unexpressed desire in Leslie's eyes.

"So you think mine have faded since yesterday?" said Leslie, smiling.

"They could scarcely fade in your company, lady; yet see, these are very fair."

"So they are." And Leslie held up two tiny bouquets, to let the light shine on them. "I wonder which is the prettier one?"

"The roses are sweet, like an angel's breath," the child answered, almost in a whisper; "but the purple pansies are sweeter. They are like your eyes, dear lady."

Still Leslie hesitated, though quite ready to take either or both.

"Your good gentleman, who buys my flowers every day, chose the *violets* this time," said the child, softly and shyly.

Leslie wondered if it *could* have been Victor; and putting down the pansies, she paid for the bunch of white roses.

"Ah! those suit you best!" cried the child, clasping her hands together, in her sweet, impulsive fashion. "Roses are for the happy!"

"Did you think," said Leslie, smiling to herself, "that the gentleman was unhappy?"

"A little sad," was the unexpected reply: "and he went straight to the blessed-ground of our dead," she added, pointing with her little brown finger to the cemetery which was in sight.

She had not long to wait before she knew all. Ten minutes walk brought her to the place of graves—a sunny, sheltered spot, where the grass was green, and her footsteps lost themselves in flowers.

But her eyes wandered away from all this beauty, to the farthest corner of the yard, where, leaning against a slender shaft of marble, stood her husband.

He held the bunch of violets in his hand, and she hastily concealed herself behind the broad trunk of a willow, to wait and see what he would do.

When Victor Ensign bought the little bunch of purple blossoms, he had intended to take them home to Leslie; but standing there by the grave of one he had long ago loved and lost, he felt a sort of pity for the dead girl, and pulling the bouquet to pieces, he scattered the flowers over the grave.

Then he went slowly down the path, and Leslie crept nearer and nearer, until she could read the letters cut in the pure white marble.

Margaret—Wife of Victor Ensign—Aged 17.

"And it is to know *this*," she cried, catching her breath, "that I have followed him here! It is for this I have loved him, and trusted him, as no woman ever trusted her husband before, in spite of jealous fears! I remember how he started at the name: and how he said with so strange a look, 'English, too.'"

And for one moment Leslie Ensign buried her face in her hands, and sobbed like a frightened child.

"This will not do," she said, wiping the tears away. "Victor will suspect me. I must betray no knowledge of his guilty secret, but I must be the same Leslie he has known and cheated, until I can get away—alone."

Away—that was her one thought now, and she watched and planned, day by day wearing a cheerful face before her husband, but night after night sobbing herself to sleep.

There came a day at last when Victor made up his mind to ask a reason for the change he could not help seeing in his young wife.

"Whatever the spell is, which hangs such a shadow of grief before her bright eyes, it shall be broken!" he had said to himself. "My love is powerful enough to remove mountains from her way, and I cannot any longer see my darling unhappy."

And then he came home, to find the drawers and closets emptied of their dainty apparel, the flowers fading in the vases, twilight in the room, and Leslie gone!

V.

Almost a year had passed away. Victor Ensign had searched everywhere for his wife, who had left him no clue to her hiding-place, and had left for him when she disappeared only a slip of paper, with these words on it:

"*Margaret—Wife of Victor Ensign—Aged 17.*"

Two months before, news of Mrs. Russell's death had reached him, so he knew that Leslie could not have gone to her mother; he did not know even that she knew of the sad event.

It was the latter part of October, and he was sitting gloomily by the side of his fire, for it was a rainy, chilly afternoon, when the servant opening the door, announced "Miss Grey."

"Margaret," he exclaimed, starting up joyfully, "you have found her for me! You said you should not come again until you could take me to her."

"And I have kept my word, Victor," she said, softly smiling.

"Where is she, then? Let me go at once!"

"She is here—in this very town—but I think it would be better if I were to go first and make some explanation of all that must have seemed so strange to Leslie's loving heart."

"Perhaps you are right," he said, doubtfully; "but oh, Margaret, remember what we have both suffered, and do not make me wait long."

"I will not," she said gravely, and passed out as quietly as she had come in.

It was but three squares distant, and Margaret Grey was soon standing with trembling lips but shining eyes on Leslie's door-stone.

A low knock—twice repeated—and opening the door, Victor Ensign's wife stood face to face with Margaret Grey.

But out of Leslie's face the joy had all faded months ago, while in Margaret's face the rapture of hope had dawned, making it beautiful among a thousand faces.

"I saw you in the street an hour ago, dear Leslie, and have ventured to follow you home. I have wanted so much to see you ever since—" And then she stopped in confusion.

"Since what?"

"I had forgotten—perhaps you did not know of—"

"Of my mother's death, you would have said? Do you not see I am in mourning for her?"

"Well, then," said Margaret abruptly, "I have wanted to see you ever since she died, but could never find you until to-day."

Leslie passed her hand across her eyes—an unconscious habit which she had formed—as if she would shut out some unwelcome sight. Then for a single moment she fixed her sorrowful eyes on Margaret's face.

"What could *you* want of *me*, Margaret Grey? Have you not robbed me of all I held most dear? It is cruel to break open the door of a grave!"

"Break—open—the—door—of—a—grave. Who is dead beside your mother, dear Leslie?"

"My *love* is dead!" Leslie answered slowly. "That love that made the whole world bright for me; that fed my life with a silver rain of happiness, so that flowers bloomed in every corner of my heart's garden. And it is you—*you* whose cruel hand plucked up each tender plant. What right have *you* to such sweet life, when your name is graven on the marble stone in the church-yard at Guerre? You see I know your story! And why," she continued breathlessly, "did you deceive him and let him believe you were dead, and then when I was so happy, come back and step between us? You were doubtless disguised in my father's house—you looked far older then—but you are with him *now*. I have seen you with my own eyes!"

And Leslie's fair cheek flushed with anger.

"You have made a terrible mistake, Leslie, and yet I have been partly to blame. Will you not ask me to sit down? I am very tired."

Leslie stepped back into the room, and pushed her own easy-chair toward her, sitting down by the window, and waiting for her to speak.

"Mine is a long story, but I will put it in as few words as possible. A great many years ago, Arthur Grey married my mother—hers in merry England—and she had twin-daughters—Margaret Viola and Viola Margaret. It was a fancy of hers to give us both the same name. She died soon after, and your father—Arthur Grey—took a new name with his uncle's fortune, went to America, and married your mother."

"Then we are sisters?" said Leslie, coldly.

"Yes, dear, we are sisters; but though I have found you at last, it is for *you* to say whether we can *be* sisters in any more than name."

"Go on," said Leslie, turning away her head.

"When I was nineteen years old, my father and yours sent for me to come to America, but made me promise never to reveal his secret until he was dead—nor even then—not until *you* were alone in the world. He gave me some money, enough to support me comfortably, and finally gave me a home with you. It was not until then that I knew that the husband of my dead sister Margaret was your lover, and he foolishly insisted on my keeping *his* secret too, because he said you were jealous. Oh, Leslie, you need *not* have been jealous, darling, for Victor loves you with his whole heart!"

"He was your *sister's* husband, and not yours!" Leslie gasped.

"You are surprised. Then you have never guessed it before?"

"Never!" cried Leslie, reaching out her hand. "And you are my own sister after all, and that is why I loved you so long ago."

"Loved me!" cried Margaret, grasping Leslie's outstretched hand, and drawing her nearer to her. "Then I am happy!"

"But Victor—" began Leslie, her sweet face covered with blushes.

"You would—"

"I would go to him, and beg him to forgive my folly. If he loves me still—"

But the words were hushed on her lips, for Margaret's arms had slipped away, and it was her husband's arms that held her.

"Found at last, my darling, my wife!"

But she could only look up in his face and smile—such a smile as never breaks upon any face, unless the heart is full of content.

And Margaret, faithful, loving sister, is with them still, and sits often in the twilight with the little fair-haired baby Viola in her arms, and sings her to sleep with the dear old English song which she had sung so many years ago!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

[Any of the following works—or any other book—will be forwarded by mail by the proprietors of THE POST on receipt of the regular retail price. *Address H. Peterson & Co., 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.*

Publishers are requested always to state the retail price of their books when sending them to be noticed.

THE OUTCAST AND OTHER POEMS. By J. W. WATSON, author of "Beautiful Snow, and Other Poems." Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. Many of the poems in this volume are decidedly superior to anything which appeared in Mr. Watson's first book. "The Ball is Up," and "Garibaldi's Entry Into Naples," are compositions much above the average.

THE END OF THE WORLD. A Love Story. By EDWARD EGGLESTON, author of the "Hoosier Schoolmaster," etc. With Thirty-two Illustrations. Published by Orange Judd & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada. Price $1.50.

THE ORDEAL FOR WIVES. A Novel. By the author of "Ought We to Visit Her?" "Archie Lovell," "Steven Lawrence, Yeoman," etc. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

THE LAWRENCE SPEAKER. A Selection of Literary Gems in Poetry and Prose. Designed for the Use of Colleges, Schools, Seminaries, Literary Societies, and Especially Adapted for all persons desirous to Excel in Declamation and Public Speaking. By PHILIP LAWRENCE, Professor of Elocution, and Principal of the Institutes of Elocution in New York and Philadelphia. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia. Price $2.00.

THE DOVE IN THE EAGLE'S NEST. By the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe." Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

THE PRAIRIE. A Tale. By J. FENIMORE COOPER. Illustrated from Drawings by F. O. C. DARLEY. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia.

A CYCLOPÆDIA OF THE BEST THOUGHTS OF CHARLES DICKENS. Compiled from his Works and Alphabetically Arranged by F. G. DE FONTAINE. No. 2. Published by E. J. Hale & Son, 17 Murray street, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philadelphia. To be issued in six semi-monthly numbers. Price 50 cts. each.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for November is one of the best numbers of this periodical we have seen. It is always edited with much taste and knowledge, and as a specimen of fine printing is superior to any magazine in the country. George H. Boker's poem is fine in some parts, but rather too long. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November. Parton's papers upon Jefferson the past year have been all intensely interesting. This month's paper, "Jefferson's Return from France in 1789," is as valuable as any of the others. "The Primeval Ghost World" is the title of an essay by John Fiske upon a subject we have a decided fancy for. We hardly think the poetry is as good as usual, but altogether this month's number is a capital one. Published by J. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

THE GALAXY for November is bright and fascinating as always. "Buttercups and Ball Bouquets" is a story with a decidedly sensible moral. The paper upon the comparative healthiness of Americans and Europeans is good reading. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for November. "The Earthquake at Arica" is an interesting article, well illustrated. We notice that all the poetry in this number is contributed by women, which shows that the fair sex is doing well. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

OLD AND NEW for November contains "Ups and Downs," "God in Humanity," "How to Sleep," "Have Working Men any Causes of Complaint?" and other good articles. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

Lasting Loveliness.—Twenty years ago, when paint, pearl powder and enamel, were ruining the complexions and destroying the health of women of fashion, HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM was brought out as a pure botanical cosmetic, guaranteed to restore bloom and beauty to the skin. From that time to the present it has been continually rising in public estimation as the safest and most unexceptionable preparation of its class. Instead of producing an artificial, metallic surface, like the deadly enamels, or wilting the cuticle like the poisonous fluids sold under various names as "beautifiers," it keeps the skin as soft as velvet, renders it as smooth and glossy as satin, and imparts to it that delicate, rosy tinge, which is the *beau ideal* of complexional loveliness. This exquisite chromatic effect is not transient. By applying the Balm daily it may be prolonged from youth to age. A lady who purchased the first bottle of the article nineteen years ago, writes to say that her complexion at forty is "purer, clearer and more brilliant than it has ever been;" and she attributes its beauty solely to the daily use of HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM.

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PROSPECTUS FOR 1873.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

BEAUTIFUL NEW PREMIUM CHROMO.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" call the attention of the ladies to their Magazine, as being just what a Lady's Magazine should be. Edited by a Lady, nothing but what is of the most refined and elevating character ever is admitted to its pages. Its Engravings, its Fashions, its Stories all bear evidence of the same refined and cultivated taste, which has endeared it to thousands of readers.

It will continue to publish Serials, Short Stories, Poetry, &c., from its old list of talented contributors. Among the Serials we may announce:—

THE MASTER OF GREYLANDS.
By Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of "East Lynne," "Lady Audinnian's Trial," etc.

UNA AND HER PRINCE.
By MISS A. L. WUZZEY, author of "Una and Her Lions," etc.

A GIRL'S ROMANCE.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Queen Coquetta," etc.

A NOVELET.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "An Everyday Heroine," etc.

A NOVELET.
By Miss FANNIE HODGSON, author of "Kathleen's Love Story," "Reuben," etc. (Miss Hodgson's Novelet will run through the whole year.)

FASHIONS, FANCY WORK, ETC.

Fine Engravings of the Fashions will represent the latest styles in Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Hats, Headdresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS.

The Engravings of THE LADY'S FRIEND are of a very superior character, embracing pictures of subjects which touch the sentiments and affections. These choice and elegant Engravings are a special feature of this Magazine, and should entitle it to the preference over all others.

MUSIC.

A piece of the latest and most popular Music accompanies every number. The Music is of itself worth double the price of the Magazine.

SPLENDID PREMIUMS

Sewing Machines, Plated Ware, Gold Chains, &c.

Those desiring to get up Lists of subscribers to the Lady's Friend, will be well compensated. The list of Premiums is the same as for the Post.

"LITTLE SAMUEL."

A beautiful Scriptural Chromo of the Child-Prophet Samuel, starting up from his sleep at the call of the Lord, and which has all the rich and glowing colors of a fine oil painting—will be sent to the getter-up of every club, and, *under special rates*, to every subscriber. This Chromo is copyrighted, and the regular price of it is Five Dollars. It cannot be obtained for less than that price, except in connection with "The Lady's Friend," or "The Saturday Evening Post." It is twelve by fifteen inches in size.

TERMS—With the Chromo—Always in Advance.

One copy of The Lady's Friend, and one copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel,"	$2.50
One copy of the Lady's Friend, one of "The Saturday Evening Post," and one Chromo of "Little Samuel,"	5.00
Four copies of the Lady's Friend and four Chromos (and one Chromo gratis),	8.00
Eight copies of The Lady's Friend, and eight Chromos, (and one copy each of the Magazine and Chromo gratis, for the sender of the club),	16.00
Additional subscribers may be added to the above clubs at	2.00

☞ These clubs can be made up of THE LADY'S FRIEND and "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST" conjointly, if 50 cents is added for each number of THE POST taken.

TERMS—Without the Chromo—Always in Advance.

Without the Chromo, we will send the Magazine at the old rates. One copy for $2.00. Four copies for $6.00. Eight copies (and one gratis to the sender of the Club) for $12.00. All additional at $1.50. Copies of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST can be taken in these Clubs at $2.00 apiece, which is now THE POST'S lowest Club price. The Chromo of "Little Samuel" will be sent to the *sender* of each Club, as a special reward for his or her trouble; and to each club-subscriber for one dollar extra.

One copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) and one of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) for $4.50.

OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.—Any one entitled a Chromo, may take in its place, if he so desires, a copy of either of our handsome Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "One of Life's Happy Hours," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

☞ Those desirous of getting up a Club, or a Premium List, shall have a copy of the Magazine sent to them gratis. They would also find it advisable to remit one dollar, for which we will send a copy of the Chromo of "Little Samuel" in addition. They must state expressly, however, that they wish the Chromo for this purpose, or else it will not be furnished. If the Chromo gets seriously injured in canvassing for subscribers another will be sent to replace it.

☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks, *payable to our order.*

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded *in all cases*, to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo.

Address DEACON & PETERSON,
319 *Walnut Street, Philadelphia.*

Single numbers of THE LADY'S FRIEND, 20 cents.

THE
SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOV. 2, 1872.

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RATES:

Single copy, $3.00 a year, payable in advance, not including postage, which is twenty cents a year, and payable at the office where the paper is received. Every single ($3.00) subscriber will be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, "LITTLE SAMUEL," or to either of our large and beautiful Premium Steel Engravings—"The Sisters," "The Song of Home at Sea," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Washington at Mount Vernon." (Ten cents must always be remitted to pay the expense of mailing the Chromo or Engraving.]

One copy of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST ($3.00) and One of THE LADY'S FRIEND ($2.00) for $4.50. Or, if the Premium Chromo or an Engraving is desired in addition, $5.10.

TO THOSE WHO DESIRE TO GET UP CLUBS.

If you wish to get up a club for THE POST, send us your name, and we will forward you, *free of charge*, a number of specimen copies of the paper, so that, with them, you can give your neighborhood a good canvassing.

TERMS OF CLUBS. For $3.00 we will send four copies of THE POST for one year to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending the Club shall be entitled to a copy of our Premium Chromo, or to either of our beautiful Premium Steel Engravings, "The Sisters," "One of Life's Happy Hours," "The Song of Home at Sea," or "Washington at Mount Vernon."

For $16 we will send eight copies to one address, or each copy to a separate address. The person sending this Club shall be entitled to a copy *free*, and to a copy also of the Premium Chromo, or to either of our Premium engravings.

The senders of Clubs can afterwards add single copies at $2.00 each.

Any club-subscriber wishing the Chromo or an Engraving must remit *one dollar extra*.

The above Clubs may be composed partly of THE POST and partly of THE LADY'S FRIEND, if desired. The subscriptions to The Lady's Friend can be taken at $1.50 apiece, instead of $2.00. Thus four copies of THE POST, and four of THE LADY'S FRIEND will be sent for $14, and in the same proportion all through.

Special offers to those who wish to make up premium lists, will be found under that head.

CLUBS OR LISTS WITH CHROMO. Those desirous of getting up clubs with the Chromo, or Premium Lists, should remit one dollar, for which we will send them a copy of the Chromo. When the Club or List is forwarded, in case the Chromo has been injured in canvassing for subscribers, another will be sent to replace it.

☞ No deviation allowed from our regular terms. If less money is sent, the paper will be sent for a proportionate period.

WE WILL SEND YOU ANY NEWSPAPER OR MAGAZINE YOU WISH, IN CONNECTION WITH THE POST, AT A REDUCED PRICE—as follows: Any Paper or Magazine the regular price of which is $1.00 at $1 cts.; regular price $2.00 at $1.75; regular price $2.50 at $2.25; regular price $3.00 at $2.60; regular price $4.00 at $3.50; regular price $5.00 at $4.50.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ When additions are made to clubs, the new subscriptions must begin and end at the same time as the original club.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

☞ Remittances should be made, if possible, in Post-office Orders, or in Drafts or Checks *payable to our order*.

☞ Ten cents should be forwarded, *in all cases*, where subscribers are entitled to and wish the Chromo or an engraving, to pay the expense of mailing.

BE CAREFUL IN OPENING THE WRAPPERS OF THE CHROMO OR ENGRAVINGS. Our subscribers are enjoined to be very careful in opening the wrappers of the Chromo or Engravings when they are received lest they should injure them.

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SINGLE COPIES 6 Cents.

SPLENDID LIST OF PREMIUMS!

(We offer the following splendid list of Premiums, because we wish to increase our subscription list—and therefore mean to pay well those who will aid us in so doing. We prefer this mode to the usual expensive system of advertising.)

Mark! Every Subscriber in a Premium List is entitled to one of the Beautiful Chromos of

"LITTLE SAMUEL;"

representing the Child-Prophet as he is aroused from slumber by the voice of the Lord, (I. Samuel; Chapter 3.) This Chromo would be sold in the stores for $5. It is twelve by fifteen inches in size. The lists may be made up conjointly, if desired, of "THE SATURDAY EVENING POST," and "THE LADY'S FRIEND." The subscribers to THE LADY'S FRIEND may be taken at $2.50 instead of $3.00.

For 50 subscribers, at $3 each,	a Silver-plated Tea Set, including Coffee Pot, worth	$50.00
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	or a Set of Croquet, maple, worth	10.00
	or a Set of "Le Cercle," (the new field game,) polished maple, worth	10.00
	or a Universal Clothes Wringer, worth	9.00
For 5 " "	a Three-quart Ice Cream Freezer, (Packer,) worth	4.00
For 4 " "	a Set of Six Croquet Balls, Tilton's Ebonite, worth	4.00
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For 2 " "	One copy of "Pemberton; or, One Hundred Years Ago," by H. Peterson; bound in cloth, worth	1.75

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For 5 subscribers at $3 each,	No. 6 Pen, Solid Silver Extension Case, worth	4.00
For 6 " "	Business, or No. 7 Pen, Telescopic Holder, (can be carried safely in vest pocket,) worth	4.50

The above Gold Pens are made by E. S. Johnson & Co., New York, and are of unequaled finish, elasticity and durability. They have been sold by first-class dealers for the past twenty years.

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For 3 subscribers at $3 each,	One "Senator" Pocket Knife, 4 blades, Shell Handle, worth,	2.50
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For 4 subscribers, at $3 each,	Half-a-dozen Table Knives, Solid Oval Handle, Concave Bolster, Ivory tip, worth	4.00
For 4 " "	Half-a-dozen Dessert Knives, Solid Oval Handle, Ivory tip, worth	3.75
For 3 " "	One Pair Beef and Game Carvers, Ivory tip, worth	3.75

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For 12 subscribers, at $3 each,	Half-a-dozen Silver Plated Table Knives, Heavy Oval Ivory Handles, worth	10.00
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For 8 " "	One Pair Carvers, Heavy Oval Superfine Ivory Handle, worth	7.00

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For 8 " "	" " " Forks, Extra " "	5.50
For 10 " "	" " " " Triple " "	8.25
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☞ The above named goods are made at the celebrated manufactory of the Meriden Cutlery Co., Meriden, Conn., and by Reed & Barton, New York City, and are warranted A No. 1 in every particular. Premiums will be forwarded as rapidly as possible in their order. A set of Spoons, Forks, &c., is always half-a-dozen pieces.

OR ANYTHING ELSE!

Any person wishing articles not on the above list, will please let us know what they prefer, and we will arrange to furnish them. *On lists of four or over, a commission of twenty per cent., (one-fifth the amount,) may be retained, if the money is preferred to the Premium.*

REMARKS.

Everything offered in our list of Premiums is guaranteed to be an excellent article. The valuation is simply the usual retail price of the article in Philadelphia and New York. By means of purchasing at the best sources, and at wholesale prices, and giving advertising in return, we are enabled to offer these splendid inducements. Our only object is to increase our circulation—giving those who help us to do this the benefit of the Premiums.

☞ The lists may be made up for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST exclusively at $3.00, or for THE LADY'S FRIEND exclusively at $2.50, or partly for one and partly the other, as is desired. Both old and new subscribers may be counted in the lists of four or over. In lists of two or three, all must be *new* subscribers. Either of our Steel Engravings may be substituted for the Chromo.

The Canvasser for a list for Premiums would do well to take with him a copy of THE POST, a copy of THE LADY'S FRIEND, and one of our beautiful Premium Chromos. They will be sent to those desirous of making up lists (and to those only) for $1.00. When the List is forwarded, in case the Chromo has been injured in canvassing for subscribers, another Chromo will be sent in its place.

The articles will be sent by express, or as ordered. Nothing will be charged for packing or boxing. The freight, however, must be paid by the receiver of the Premium.

Subscriptions (with the money) should be remitted as fast as obtained, that the subscribers may receive their papers, magazines, and Chromos at once.

EVERY NAME DESIGNED FOR A PREMIUM LIST MUST BE SO MARKED WHEN SENT IN.

☞ The contents of THE POST and of THE LADY'S FRIEND will always be entirely different.

Address **H. PETERSON & CO.,**
No. 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

OUR CLUB PRICES.—We received a letter last week, in which the writer offered to get up a Club for THE POST at last year's prices. Persons who have it in their minds to write such letters, if any there be, may as well save themselves the trouble. The old prices *will not pay the running expenses of the present paper*, and we do not value subscriptions that we have to furnish at a loss. Our present price to Club subscribers is fifty cents less than is asked by other first-class literary papers, and we are not certain that it is not just that much lower than we can afford. We are moderate in our desires, and are satisfied with moderate profits. We do not wish to buy $50,000 horses, or to live in a palace. But we do wish to make enough out of our paper to pay its expenses, and have a moderate amount left over to live upon ourselves. We do not think we have many readers that will grudge us that. And as for the very few that will, we do hope they will not pester us with letters asking us to deviate from our terms in their favor, but take it for granted that we are telling them the exact truth, and mean precisely what we say.

SUBSCRIBING FOR OTHER PAPERS OR MAGAZINES.—Such of our readers as are in the habit of subscribing to other papers or magazines, wherever located, can always do better by sending on the money to us in connection with their subscription for THE POST. See paragraph respecting subscriptions to other periodicals in our *Terms*.

LETTERS FROM ZIG.

"THEM FRENCHERS."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Doubtless it is a fact that women's heads are very easily turned. Doubtless it is a fact that they mostly haven't any ballast of good hard common sense to keep them steady in trying situations. Doubtless they are fidgety, flighty, undependable, and run mostly to nonsense and fooleries. Doubtless they are both childish and monkeyish in their fondness for imitation, and their love of useless trash. At least, that is what old fogies say of them.

I used to believe it wasn't so at all.

Ten years ago you couldn't have made me say s'—no, not with red-hot pincers or a Patent Office Report, could you have tortured from me an admission that I thought the old fogies were about half right. I stood up for our side. It seemed to me that here in America, freed from the fetter-like prejudices of effete monarchies and all that, with the bald-headed, screaming old American eagle flapping his big wings protectingly over 'em, it was in the power of our bright, spirited republican women to make of themselves the best and highest that created woman could attain this side of Heaven. I really believed that my beloved countrywomen were about to do something uncommon for women

American men, with some exceptions, appeared to me to be so chivalrous and helpful, there were so many opportunities for a rare, high, intellectual and social development, the whole country itself was so broad, new and free, that I thought here will be built at last the ideal womanhood, beautiful, healthy, intelligent, and brave and true. You might as well have taken off my head as to have taken away that glorious faith and hope from me, ten years ago. I remember it used to make me right happy during some years when I hadn't very much of anything else to be particularly happy over. And I was actually deluded enough to believe that a millenium would come, when the shabby genteel folks would all be dead or converted, and poor women wouldn't be ashamed to earn their own living.

Ah, well! That—friend—that was ten years ago! "The longer I lives the more I finds, *beim Himmel*, out," says the Dutchman. Looking at the human race, and our side of it in particular, as it seems to me now, and viewing it as it appeared to me then, I think I couldn't have been more than a month old, ten years ago. I don't think I have much faith, hope or charity either, left now. The very ashes of those glorious illusions have been blown away. There isn't even so much as the least mite of a solitary gray cinder left of 'em. I don't believe one American woman in five thousand has properly used her opportunities, and as to the grand republican matron whom I pictured to myself, grand because of her staunch, loyal republican simplicity, beautiful, cultivated, queenly, refined! oh, pshaw! I've nearly put my eyes out looking for her, and I have not found her. I hardly ever expect to find her now.

But I've noticed that just as fast as American women's husbands grow rich through pork-packing, whisky-making, tobacco-stealing and that, just so fast, and maybe a little faster than that, American women set themselves up to imitate the confounded flunkeyism and monkeyism of those people across the water, who, if they had their will, would blot our republic out of the book of the world to-morrow.

A few weeks ago, somewhere in the report of a pork-packers' convention in a certain city, there was an expression of an idea which would have made you laugh your false teeth out, if you had noticed it. After the esteemed gentlemen who deal exclusively in swine, had established to a T, the dimensions of long-ribbed middles, and side-cuts, they finished their labors with the interchange of buncombe which that delightful Dundreary would call "the usual thing," and presently, in an irresistible gush of rhetoric, a delicious gentleman addresses the other gentlemen in the hog-trade as "princely pork-packers." What a nice, sweet-scented metaphor, to be sure! What glorious visions of royalty float through the fancy, mingling delightfully with spare-ribs, blood-puddings, pigs' feet and sausages! *Princely* pork-packers! Lord bless us! If the street-cleaner and garbage-man should heap together a lot of gold in their respective professions, I dare say they would be princes too. How nice it would be, wouldn't it? to have a princely street-cleaner and a princely garbage-man.

Then, as if this Yankee prince convention wasn't enough to finish me entirely, there appeared a few days ago in a Boston paper an item which was simply the logical sequence of the royal pork-packing lard and bacon business; the conclusion next week, as it were, of the "princely pork-packers." I never gave my countrywomen fully over to the rule of snobbery, and surrendered all hope of 'em forever and ever, till the fatal moment when I read that last item. Then I gave up completely. I wilted down like a morning-glory before an October frost.

"Fancy," says this item, "fancy full-grown young ladies who wouldn't walk about the harmless streets of Cincinnati, or take the shortest journey by the cars, unattended by a maid, for anything in the world. Fancy, too, conversations which never touch our shores, filled with vain longings after the delights of dear Paris, and continual comparisons between foreign politeness and American rudeness."

Fancy 'em, indeed! Tack together, in your mind, the princely pork-packers and the foreign longings, and fancy a lot of pork, whisky, and garbage-princesses attiring themselves in tasteless and clumsy imitations of French fashions, piling upon their little heads a weight of false hair enough to crush their little brains hopelessly out, elevating their little noses disdainfully in the air, and then sitting down sorrowfully together, like a pack of sick monkeys, and whining after dear Paris!

That's my glorious, radiant American woman whom I dreamed of, ten years ago. My coming priestess of freedom, fearless, intellectual, beautiful as the morning, has turned out to be merely the idiotic, monkeyish caricature of a French woman. And I dare say these pining princesses, along with Paris manners, would like to import Paris morals, too. I wonder if they would? How fine it would be, to be sure, if our pining American pork-princesses could each take to her heart one of those nice, pure, moral, and devoted French husbands we read so much about. What a pity it couldn't be.

It humiliates my unhappy soul to the dust to discover how ignorant, how old fogyish, how far behind the times I have been all my life up to a week ago. Up to that period of my profitless existence, I confess I was foolish enough to take it to heart as a matter of pride and pleasure that, in our country, "from Maine to California," as the stump speakers say, a modest young lady in her right mind could travel all over the land, whithersoever she chose, with perfect safety and comfort. Indeed, I remember that as long ago as the year '55, a beautiful girl of only sixteen went all alone from Ohio to the then far-off and almost unknown land of California, sailed bravely across the ocean unattended by a soul whom she knew, and arrived safely and happily among her friends at San Francisco. People mentioned it, I remember, as a proof of the high civilization which America had attained even then, that a girl of sixteen could make a journey like that alone. Nay, more, I have been deluded enough, up to a week ago, to feel rather proud that, in our American towns and cities, ladies, two or more at a time, or even one at a time, could go almost anywhere they chose in the evening, unattended by a gentleman, and if they behaved themselves quietly and respectably, they would infallibly be treated quietly and respectably. Further still, even so recently as during the Cincinnati Exposition, when I used to observe two or three good and pretty young ladies going merrily off to the great show together of an evening, and going through the many departments and enjoying themselves two hours or so, and coming home again as pleasantly and comfortably as if they had been sitting in their own mother's parlor all the while,—it tickled my old bones immensely. Here at last is true civilization, I thought.

Until a few days ago, I had no idea of how low a state of heathenish ignorance and darkness I had fallen into. Bless you, we are all wrong! The pork and tobacco-princesses who pine for dear Paris in execrable boarding-school French, and seek by every possible means to forget that they were born in free, virtuous Yankee-land, wouldn't go anywhere unattended by a maid for the world! French manners and morals are as infinitely above American savageism as the stars above the earth. Dear! dear!

Verily, the French are upon us. Very bad French too, I judge, from the scrape one sometimes overhears as falling from the sweet and rosy lips of dry-goods clerks, milliners, school-girls and garbage-princesses. Not long since, I heard a distinguished fashionable young lady describing her new dress to another distinguished fashionable young lady. It was a sweet dress, she said, made in the fashion of a pole-on-A, and of a cloth which was named *drat-de-tay*. There was a mixture of Yanker, negro, and sweet Irish for you, but it sounded sort of queer for a foreign tongue. Now "drat" such French as that, I say, and drat the silly, ignorant girls who are crazy to sell their birthright of honest, happy freedom for a mess of foolish ways which take their origin, their necessity, indeed, from a society which is at bottom as utterly corrupt, bad, and heartless as can be found in the civilized world. God forbid that my beloved Yankee land should ever come to that. God forbid that my beloved Yankee brothers should ever become so vile and brutal that a virtuous young lady cannot safely walk a distance of three squares alone by daylight. And I hope I may be safe in Heaven before the day when these idiots of women succeed in importing their pesky French ways into my native land. If the pork and whiskey-princesses keep on, maybe in time they may hope to attain to the high state of civilization already reached in China, where so far from walking in the streets, no lady worth mentioning ever walks at all, and any lady as is a lady is "protected" to that extent that she daren't even look out of the window. I give the lady snobs my blessing, I'm sure, and recommend to them to set before them the lofty and shining mark of a Chinese lady, and never stop till they reach it.

The morals of a nation make its manners.

There is, or at some past time has been, a deep and substantial reason for every custom and usage, however trivial, in any country. If it is not the fashion for a lady to walk or ride alone through the streets of Paris, there can be but one earthly reason for it,—because the average Frenchman, with all his thin gloss of fine manners, is at heart so bad and uncivilized that it would not be safe for her to do so. Grand politeness that, where, if a man see a lady stopping to look at something in a shop-window, he will step up to her and insult her. And yet that is the "French politeness," which these silly young ladies are fond of contrasting with American rudeness, and that is the state of society which they are trying to introduce into this country. Every one to his taste, but I don't think I'd like it myself.

French taste is beautiful, French skill is marvellous, but French morals are abominable. If these foolish American girls knew anything at all of French literature, which they probably don't, judging from their average knowledge of English, they cannot but know that not even the heathen Turk in his harem has a lower, more contemptible, material estimate of woman and her powers than all the French writers from Rousseau down to Dumas the Younger. In no country in the civilized world to-day is woman's education so shamefully neglected, woman's intellectual powers so utterly cramped and chained down as in this very France. And yet, Heaven help 'em! American shoddy-princesses want to bring Paris across the seas into Yankeedom. Oh, for another Thackeray to write another book of snobs! Oh, that young ladies' fathers would make them stay at home and go to the public schools until a good, sturdy English education had taken the idiotic nonsense out of them, and put some common sense and intelligence into their heads.

ZIG.

LINES TO L—E.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY BELLE BREMER.

No gold from the Indies I send thee,
No glittering jewels rare,
To rest on thy snowy bosom,
Or weave in thy shining hair.

'Tis simply an offering of friendship,
In memory of the past;
A souvenir of days departed,
Too beautiful ever to last.

But memory lingers to bless me,
Like the rose when its beauty has fled,
The perfume and sweetness still linger
Though its petals are withered and dead.

Farewell, be thy future all brightness,
No sorrow thy young life eclipse;
Nor pleasures like Dead Sea apples,
Turn to ashes upon thy lips.

And when life's fitful fever is over,
O'er which we make such an ado,
We'll meet in the beautiful Aiden,
The home of the good and the true.

THE SCHOOL-MA'AM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

YOU DEAR, DARLING OLD POST:

I love you more than ever—if that is possible—since I find we are permitted to come to you with our troubles. And as Uncle Aaron would say, "I accordingly avail myself of the opportunity."

I know it must be dreadful to be a "Reminder" and be "misstooken" for all sorts of people; I infer from observation that it is inconvenient to be "too little;" I have no doubt that it is discouraging to be "too big;' and to be "too thick," or "too thin"—like sorghum molasses—may not be blissful; but I am persuaded that not one of my dear sisters ("in distress") who have written so pathetically of their several grievances ever taught "deestrict" school and "boarded round."

I have.

I say it not with an air of boasting, but rather with an humble and contrite spirit. Teaching may be, as some learned person has remarked, "a high and mighty calling." But, when it comes to "boarding round," it is *calling* rather frequently, and on all manner of people.

Just think of being circulated through a whole neighborhood like an interesting pamphlet, or an itinerant brass kettle. To have no abiding place. To go to Jones's to-night, and get black looks and receive admonitory hints in reference to keeping "our Johnny in at recess." And have to sleep alone in a lonesome room at the end of the porch. Couldn't complain last night, however, as my bed was in Brown's family room, and I had two of the children for bed-fellows.

One night to be chilled in Smith's barn-like chamber, and feel little icy imps scampering up and down your back until you think it would be pleasant to be roasted alive *a la* wild "Injun," but change your mind next night when Mrs. Green undertakes it in her little bed-room with a big fire and a mountain of bed-clothes.

To be regaled on every known edible from pot-pie to "water-million preserves." Variety may be the spice of life, but one cannot be expected to subsist on spice.

And when you alight, as you frequently will, at a congenial fireside, you dare not spend more than the allotted time, or it will be reported that you are "struck" with the "hired hand," or, the hopeful heir to the said fireside, so you can only "take up your staff and travel on."

And when your own real lover comes over to see how you are prospering, and to bring the last "Post" and "Lady's Friend," 'and a letter from Sis, and—well, on consideration, I presume the foregoing will be considered sufficient excuse for his coming, so I need not reveal anything further. But, to have all of the old ladies catechizing you concerning him; and the little boys making remarks about his having *eye-brows* on his upper-lip; all of which you must bear with smiling composure. You know why. There is nothing under the sun a poor, "lone, lorn" woman in the country *can* do but teach school, (or get married,) and she must be very meek and conciliatory if she gets to do *that*—which includes the phrase in parenthesis.

I might write much more—but, if you are not yet convinced, there is a school "out on the 'pike," which you can secure on application, and have the opportunity of "trying it on," "boarding around" and all.

"Walking, for your supper,
Miles of up-hill road;
Whacking little urchins
With an oaken rule.
Bless me! ain't it pleasant,
Teaching district-school?"

ANICNARF.

LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY OLIVE KING.

DEAR POST.—I arose in good spirits this morning, and it was my express determination to write you a long letter upon all sorts of pleasant topics, and with that idea uppermost in my mind, I sat down in my sanctum, which fortunately faces the South. The soft, mild rays of the October sun streamed cheerfully in, and everything seemed propitious, until suddenly, and for the first time, my eyes rested upon the waving branches of a sorrowful willow immediately opposite, and before I knew it I was thinking of all the enlivening wind-ups to stories, I had read, where the author having successfully disposed of all his victims in the early part of the narrative, finally buries the heroine on some sunny slope, where the gentle wind sighing through the cypress and *willow* sang her requiem, and all that. I can't just remember how they say it, but that was the theme suggested, and just as I began to grow serious, a wailing sound not unlike the cry of a lost spirit (I never heard one cry as I know of—but that is a proper simile) came moaning down the chimney in a manner likely to throw one into chronic chills; while an unhappy organ-grinder under my window began pouring out his soul, or the organ's soul in "Hark from the Tombs" or some other doleful tune equally agonizing.

I'm not Mark Tapley or any relation to him—there can't be any possible resemblance between us; he would have become jubilant at once under all these drawbacks, but I confess I did not. I am in fine condition to write an obituary, or serve at a post mortem, but I am morally certain I can't bring my mind to relate any of the humorous events that have transpired within the last week. I feel sad and sorrowful, and as a consequence, disagreeable and cross, and if this letter should turn out an elongated growl, I shall demand absolution on the ground that my intentions were originally right, but circumstances and surroundings were against me. And casting your eye broadcast over the land there would seem to be enough to growl about, wouldn't there?

Mrs. Fair has had her second trial, and fared better than on her first; and now the intelligence reaches us that she is about to join the great army of Lecturers, and tell an admiring American public what she knows about shooting. Everybody will flock to hear her—not because they care a Continental copper what she has to say, but out of a morbid curiosity to see a notorious woman whose hands are red with the blood of a fellow-creature, and whom the strong-minded ladies of New York and San Francisco have lauded to the skies, and written, and talked, and worked for, visited, sympathised, and condoled with, from the moment she was branded murderess up to the present hour, openly declaring that the act was justifiable, and that under similar circumstances they would do the same thing, and inwardly cursing their unlucky stars and ugly faces because similar circumstances do not exist and they are without a target. It is dreadful, you know, to have principles and not be able to prove them. It may be all right to hang one party for a crime, and elevate another, who has committed the same offence, into an idol, or a heroine. I suppose it *is* right, or it would not be so—but a woman who lays her hand upon a man, save in the way of kindness, can keep out of my bailiwick, for I'll have none of her. I do not believe in, and am not upholding capital punishment, and would not wish to be understood as favoring anything of the kind, but it does seem to me that these insane streaks that jealous women get, every now and then, are growing more frequent and more dangerous every minute, and those subject to them, I think, should have a keeper appointed to take charge of them, as not being responsible for their acts; they certainly ought not to be allowed to run at large. It should be a *female* keeper too, else they might get the crazy idea that they were in love with the poor rascal, and if he happened to have other porgies on boiling, blow his brains out the first convenient opportunity; while a woman, who would accept the post, would necessarily belong to the grand army of Reformers, and consequently be in no danger of any such calamity. But *apropos* of Fairs and Expositions of every kind—though I do hope she won't lecture. I guess she *will* though, for everybody is at it this season. The great Froude commences his course of lectures to-night, and when he has finished I expect we shall know all about the relations between England and Ireland—whether we *care* much about them will be another thing. Mr. Froude *does*, probably, and he wants to interest the inhabitants of this "blasted country" in the "bloody" subject. And there is the pretty Olive, whose surname is Logan, who will mount the rostrum and air her ideas. "Successful People" is the theme, and if she will explain to her audience how they can ensure success in all undertakings, she will have talked to some purpose. Father Burke has a word to say on the "Volunteers of '82." Eli Perkins lectures in "Defence of the Heathen"—or the heathen Chinee—I don't just remember which. Edmund Yates, the novelist, is having his say, and how many more are in the field I'm sure I don't know; but I presume, if I were to exercise my memory a little, I could remember five or six hundred that are expecting to "speak their piece" as soon as they can find a vacant hall.

Fashions are everywhere—nobody ever saw so many fashions. The latest freak in hair-dressing is to carry all the back hair to the top of the head, as nearly as may be, and there wind it round in a circular bunch, from the centre of which hangs one or two curls; a coronet braid over the top of the head, and in front of it a little of the natural hair cut short and frizzed completes the affair. I have heard no name for this style, but presume it is called the "Lucca." Everything is likely to be "Lucca;" we have already the "Lucca" hat and the "Lucca" train, and the "Lucca" cloak, and the "Lucca" boot, and we shall be lucky if we don't have washing-machines and pancake-turners and frying-pans and toasting-forks, and all other culinary and domestic articles flying around under the same euphonious title. We can't have any Lucca bustles, for it is officially announced that the spirited little cantatrice does not sport such an appendage. Something will have to be done about it. Lucca is the fashion, and if she can't be induced to adopt the bustle business, then that graceful institution is doomed. If Lucca can afford to wear her drapery sweeping straight from her shoulders, then America's fair daughters *must*—it wouldn't be Lucca if they didn't.

In evening dresses the fancy is for white tulle, with numberless puffs, ruffles and ruchings. Silks of rose-color, blue and black, are worn with organdy over-skirts, all tucks, puffs, and insertings. These skirts are cut very long, and looped at the side and back with trailing sprays of rose-buds or bunches of pansies. The waists are usually low, or square neck, with lace fichu, or bretelles. White silk for wedding-dresses is scarcely as popular as it has been. The latest idea seems to be a dress of pearl-colored silk, with skirt-trimming of white tulle, laid on in puffs, the waist and sleeves ornamented with *points*. I do not know whether the fancy for pearl-color originates in the fact that it soils less easily than white, and will be more useful hereafter as an evening dress; but I presume it does, as economy is the first thing a bride thinks of, always.

Train dresses for street wear are becoming more and more the rule every day. A well-known modiste of this city cries out against it, and declares that no lady will be guilty of dragging costly silks, or in fact skirts of any kind, through the dust and filth of a city street. I don't know how she dares say that. *I* wouldn't if I owned a magazine and looked to the ladies to support it. If the *ladies* here are not guilty of dragging their dresses in the mud, then we haven't got any, that's all (ladies, not mud), for everybody that shops in Union Square and goes into raptures over the diamonds in Tiffany's show-case, does it in a dress a yard too long for her. And people who *don't* shop in Union Square, but patronize instead Grand street and the avenues, wear trains to their dresses; and if a gentleman wants to feel comfortable, let him go *anywhere* in a crowd of women, and not be particular where he sets his feet down. I don't like to be *too* positive about anything, but it rather looks as though trains were fashionable, and as though ladies wore them.

PERSONAL.

Stanley will wear his African uniform on the rostrum.

The Paris Figaro says that Madame Adeline Patti is worth one millions francs, and that Christine Nilsson is still richer, while Pauline Lucca has *lost* her whole fortune in consequence of the extravagance of her husband.

The following placard appears in a Paris confectioner's window:

PERES HYACINTHES,
A new Sweetmeat for Weddings,
(Highly recommended to MM. les Fiances.)

The celebrated lady dentist of Berlin, Mrs. Henriette Hershfeld, is described as a refined and beautiful woman, with wonderful strength in her small hand. She extracts teeth with unsurpassed dexterity and precision. Moreover, she prepares well-written articles for magazines, in which she instructs mothers in regard to the care of children's teeth—a matter which seems not generally understood in Germany.

A French newspaper having said that M. Gambetta possessed only one wash-basin, and that a cracked one, admiring friends in a very short time sent him seventeen toilet-sets. It would make you smile now to see Gam. performing his ablutions out of seventeen wash-basins. Gam-betta call a few sets, we think.—*Norristown Herald.*

The New York critics do not go into unqualified raptures over or about Lucca, though all of them admit that she is a success. Her superb acting and her personal charms amply compensate for whatever disappointment may be felt in regard to her vocalism. People say her method and her manner resemble those of Piccolomini, and, though she may not create all the *furore* that Nilsson did, there would seem to be no doubt but that her popularity is assured. As a whole, however, nothing is risked in asserting that "L'Africaine" has been better presented by other artistes in times gone by.

The celebrated pianist and composer, Rubinstein, who ranks next to Liszt in the Old World, and Wieniawsky, (called Wine and Whisky by the facetious,) the famous Polish violin virtuoso are in Philadelphia. Cultured music lovers attend the Academy, and the concerts are brilliant and fashionable.

The following item is a very peculiar kind of musical criticism. We find it in a New York paper which pretends to be an authority on musical matters:—"During a duet between Miss Cary and Mario, the youthful old gentleman would at times hold his glasses to see the music, Miss Cary then filially held it before him. Sauret earns money enough to buy himself new clothes from a good tailor. His pantaloons, especially, are very clumsy and badly cut. He might copy to advantage from Marzo, the accompanist. The troupe all cut a swell in costuming, with exception of himself."

Pauline Lucca's rendering of the part of Marguerite in Gounod's opera of Faust, differs materially from that of other prima donnas with whom American audiences are familiar. A musical writer writes that it is "not the gentle and pensive blende whom Ary Scheffer painted, and whom Gounod perhaps had chiefly in his mind when he wrote the beautiful love music of this act; it is much like the actual Gretchen of Goethe, a simple, rosy, hearty girl, not very wise, not very romantic, not given to reveries; who prattles with her lover about common household topics, and uses bad grammar, and is pleased with trifles; who is vain as a child, but loves with the warm heart of a woman."

The Paris papers say Mlle. Carlotta Patti, in entering upon her third American concert tour, seems to be neglecting nothing which can secure the conquests of which Mlle. Nilsson has set her the example. No less than fifteen or twenty toilets, each richer than the other, have been ordered by her from the establishment of Mme. Merlot-l'Archeveque, who is the favorite interpreter of the prima donna's caprices.

What is called the "funeral" of Pere Hyacinthe has already taken place. It is a custom among Roman Catholic religious communities to consider any member that deserts them as dead, and the ceremony of burying him is performed. This was recently done at the convent of Dominicans to which M. Hyacinth Loyson belonged. A coffin was placed in the middle of the chapel, and the customary burial service chanted.

It has been rather to see than to hear the old monarch of tenors that our fashionable and cultivated music lovers have thronged the Academy. There was enough to delight the ear in the performances of the peerless Patti, and of Cary, Sauret and Carreno. It may not be generally known that Mario is of noble birth, and that *Mario* is only a stage name. His real name is Giuseppe, Marquis of Candia. Though he has for thirty years derived a magnificent income from his lyric efforts, he is now in very reduced circumstances; some accounts say in consequence of too fast living, and others have it, because of his very generous largesses to brother artistes in need or affliction, and of his too liberal contributions toward the redemption and consolidation of his beloved Italy. Our readers can believe whichever story best suits them. Certain it is, however, that Mario, Marquis though he be, is poor.

A letter from Paris says:—"Not far away, in the Rue Bayard, day and night, works Gustave Doré, now painting, now rapidly sketching in his great sketch-books, the designs which are to electrify the world.

"He is a little man, with dense black hair and ruddy complexion, with healthy chest and sinewy arms, and with a confiding, friendly manner which at once wins every one to him. His jet black moustache shades clear-cut and firm lips, indexes to a character which has always held him above the level of the grosser Parisian temptations. His whole heart and soul are in his work.

"He has had lights specially prepared in his great rambling studio, so that he may paint when he desires; and at the very moment when his admirers are swallowing their nightcap cup of coffee, and stupidly gazing at the procession of painted beauties along the Boulevard des Italiens, he is sketching vigorously, or pacing up and down in the studio, overmastered by some new conception which he dare not yet confide to paper.

"Doré has a horror of the French passion for holidays, and once told a friend that his severest trial was on New Year's Day. 'It is not the money for the presents,' he said, 'but the time spent in this insane round of calls, which I give grudgingly.'"

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IN JUNE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Oh, my friend, do you remember
A Summer so long ago,
When we sat in the garden together
And saw the roses blow?

And heard the robins singing,
And saw the sunlight fall
In a shower of gold on the meadow,
And the lilies by the wall.

I shall never, never forget it,
For you gave to me then and there
A beautiful snow-white lily
That had lain among your hair.

And I wore it on my bosom
That golden afternoon,
And I thought that of all the long year
The sweetest time was June.

Oh, dreams of a Summer vanished,
Why did you fade so soon?
And why must the roses blossom
Only in golden June?

Life seems like a stern awaking
After the dreaming ends;
Then we were dearest lovers,
Now we are only friends.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

Helena Macdonald;

OR,

THE BRIDE'S SACRIFICE.

CHAPTER XXX.

As Murray had said, a subpœna was served on Mrs. M'Calmont to be present at the great trial about which everybody was talking. That good lady, who had determined already to go, regarded it as a mere useless ceremony, but fate seem determined to deprive her of that melancholy consolation, for two days before the eventful one on which the trial was to take place, poor Mrs. M'Calmont, worn out by excitement and constant weeping, was seized with such a violent sick headache, that she was utterly unable to leave her bed.

In vain, when the day "big with fate" came, did she attempt to rise. At the very first effort she was seized with such a deadly faintness—such a blinding giddiness, that she was instantly forced to go to bed again. And there, half-delirious, with her head throbbing and beating like mad, prostrated in mind and body, she was forced to lie, while her physician wrote a certificate of her inability to attend, which Mr. M'Calmont was to convey to Glenleith.

How that day passed, and the next, and the next, Mrs. M'Calmont never knew. Lying in her darkened chamber, with bandages, wet with vinegar, bound around her burning forehead, with servants tiptoeing in and out, and speaking in hushed whispers, the time passed as it does in a dream. With her mind as well as her body utterly prostrate, she was spared the suspense concerning the position of Helena she must otherwise have suffered.

But on the fourth day, though weak and languid, she was able to rise; and, with the assistance of her maid, descended to the parlor, where, smothered in shawls, she sat in her large easy-chair.

And now, recovered from the first prostration of bodily illness, she thought of the time that had passed, and began to feel all the tortures of doubt and agonizing suspense again. Helena's trial must be over by this time, and—what had been the result?

So unendurable grew this uncertainty, that she was about to dispatch a messenger to Craig's End to learn the result of the trial, when the clatter of horses' hoofs before the door arrested her attention, and the next instant the door was thrown open, and Aleck Murray stood before her.

Yes, Aleck Murray; but so changed that she almost screamed as she saw him. Worn, haggard, and ghastly; with convulsed brow, white lips, and despairing eyes; with such a look of passionate grief, anguish and despair, that the scream was frozen on her lips; and white, rigid and speechless, she stood staring, unable to utter a word.

Without speaking, almost without looking at her, he threw himself into a chair, and buried his face in his hands.

Oh! what meant that look, that action, that ominous silence? For one moment the sight seemed leaving Mrs. M'Calmont's eyes—the power of life seemed dying out in her heart; but by a mighty effort of her will she resisted the deadly faintness that was creeping over her, and asked, in a voice so low and tremulous that it was almost inaudible—

"What of Helena?"

A groan that seemed to rend the heart from which it came, burst from the lips of Murray.

"What of Helena?" repeated Mrs. M'Calmont, breathing hard in her efforts to be calm.

"Oh, Mrs. M'Calmont, do not ask!" exclaimed Murray, in a stifling voice.

"Helena! Helena!" were the only words the white, quivering lips could utter.

"Oh, how can I tell her?" cried Murray, springing up and wildly beginning to pace the room.

"Helena! what of her?" wailed Mrs. M'Calmont, pressing her hands to her heart.

"Helena is—oh, Heaven! how can I speak the terrible words?" exclaimed the excited young man, pacing up and down like one demented.

"Heavens! Will you tell me before I go mad?" cried Mrs. M'Calmont, becoming as much excited as himself.

"Then listen—since I must repeat her awful fate—Helena has been tried, convicted, and—doomed to die!"

The look that Mrs. M'Calmont's face wore that moment never left the memory of Aleck Murray. There was a sound as of many waters in her ears, a sudden darkness before her eyes, her brain reeled, and her hand dropped helplessly on the arm of her chair. Murray, in alarm, flew to the bell; but overcoming, with a mighty effort, that deadly inclination to swoon, she lifted up her head, and half raised her hand, in a faint motion to stop him.

"I want nothing; it is over," she said, tremulously. "Sit down before me, and tell me all. The worst is over, and I can bear anything now."

"Oh, it was horrible! monstrous, outrageous! this sentence!" exclaimed Murray, with a burst of passionate grief. "I never dreamed for an instant—never did—that she would be condemned. Oh, curse that Vaughan! Heaven's malediction rest on him, here and hereafter!" he hissed through his clenched teeth.

"Tell me all! Oh, tell me all!" said Mrs. M'Calmont, trying to steady her trembling voice.

"I wish I could! I came for that purpose; but I am going mad, I think," said Murray, throwing himself into a chair with something like a howl of mingled rage and despair. "She told me to come and tell you; nothing else could have made me leave Craig's End while she lives."

"Was it Helena?"

"Yes; Mr. M'Calmont could not travel as fast as I could, and will not be here till to-morrow, and I—oh! I rode as if the old demon was at my heels all the way—and I shall never rest easy again till I've put a bullet through Vaughan's brain; for he's the cause of it all, with his diabolical circumstantial evidence," exclaimed Murray, with still-increasing vehemence.

"Mr. Murray, for the love of Heaven give me the particulars!"

"You know the trial was to commence on Tuesday?"

"Yes."

"Well, as soon as the doors of the court-house were thrown open, the galleries, and staircases, and every corner of the building, was filled to suffocation by an eager crowd. I got in among the rest of the rabble, and secured a good place, where I could see and hear everything. Owing to some cause or other, the people had to wait a good while; and just as they were getting clamorous and impatient, they saw the carriage making its way slowly through the mass of people that lined and crowded the streets, unable to obtain an entrance into the court-house. Then every one was on tip-toe with expectation to see the prisoner, the fame of whose wealth and beauty, and the strange circumstances attending her arrest, had been blazoned the whole country round. It was with the greatest difficulty that a passage could be forced through the crowd as she entered, dressed in deepest black, closely veiled, and in the custody of the high sheriff. Captain Macdonald and Clinton followed closely after, and took their places near her. As she took her seat you might have heard a pin drop, so intense was the silence; but when, a moment after, she threw back her veil, and her pale, beautiful face, with its dark, proud, scornful eyes, that went wandering for an instant around, with contemptuous disdain for the gaping crowd, a low, deep murmur of admiration, surprise, and pity passed through the vast assemblage of human beings: and the next instant they were profoundly still once more.

"The jury were already impanelled, and the presiding judge, and the Attorney-General for Scotland, and Helena's counsel had taken their places, so the trial immediately commenced. When the clerk of the court put the customary question—'Guilty or not guilty'—I wish you had seen the slender form of Helena tower aloft, and her glorious eyes flash, and her beautiful lip curl with scorn and disdain, as she answered,

"'Not guilty!'

"There is no use in me telling you the Attorney-General's speech. You'll see it all in the papers, if you have any curiosity on the subject. All I need say is, that it seemed to destroy every favorable impression made on the minds of the jury by the youth, beauty, and sex of the prisoner. He spoke of the pain it gave him to be obliged to make this charge against a woman whose interesting appearance he saw had already made a deep impression on the minds of all present; but he trusted the gentlemen of the jury would not allow themselves to be carried away by their feelings, for that 'appearances were often deceitful;' and he made a long preamble about demons wearing the forms of angels of light, and of the crimes other women, gentle and loving before, had been induced to commit in sudden paroxysms of jealousy—as this crime had been—as he was prepared to prove.

"He spoke of many cases of women—some of which had come under his own immediate knowledge—of women stabbing themselves, their lovers, their rivals, in fits of jealous passion. He spoke of the well-known jealous vindictiveness that had ever characterized the race from which the interesting prisoner at the bar had sprung, and that he would soon show that she had been even noted—ever since childhood—for these same faults. Then he drew a pathetic picture of the victim—her youth, her gentleness, her trusting simplicity—until every woman present was sobbing as if her heart would break. But when he concluded by saying that the murdered girl was the wife of the prisoner's lover—married to him in secret, as he would shortly prove—a thrill ran through every heart."

"His wife?" exclaimed Mrs. M'Calmont, looking up in dismay and incredulity.

"Yes, Mrs. M'Calmont, his wife; and she was, too," said Murray, sorrowfully. "When Herbert Clinton—who all this time had been standing motionless, his hat drawn over his brow—heard the words, he started, reeled, and turned as deadly white as if he had received a pistol-shot through the heart. Helena lifted her wild, black eyes, and reading in that look, that action, the truth of the words, with a long, low cry, dropped her face in her hands, with such a look of utter despair, that every heart stood still. Captain Macdonald sprang up as if some one had speared him, and would have throttled Clinton on the spot, I firmly believe, if a policeman had not interfered, and held him back.

"The first witness called was an old Methodist minister, who deposed on oath, that he had married Herbert Clinton—whom he promptly identified—to a young girl called Jessie Benington, about a year and a-half previously, as nearly as he could then recollect. They were married without attendants; and the bride seemed very much frightened. He concluded by giving a description of her—which exactly tallied with that of little Jessie.

"Mrs. Ben was then called, and affirmed that on the night in question, Jessie had gone to Craig's End with Clinton, and when they returned late at night, she found her niece lying senseless in his arms, which circumstances he accounted for by some plausible reason she had now forgotten. Being cross-examined, she affirmed that the deceased and the young man Clinton were always together, after the prisoner left the island; and she, Mrs. Ben, not liking their intimacy, had endeavored to put a stop to it, but in vain.

"She could not swear positively that her niece and Miss Macdonald were bad friends; but she did not think they were on good terms, and her principal reason for ending the intimacy between the deceased and Mr. Clinton had been the fear of the prisoner's anger, which she knew, when excited, was extremely violent. That on the night of the murder the deceased had appeared out of spirits, and complaining of a headache, had retired early. That when she awoke in the morning she found her gone, and the house-door open—things which had never happened before. That she had no suspicion of the truth, until Miss Macdonald came in, and told her her niece was murdered. That thereupon they had gone down to the beach together, and she had identified a handkerchief belonging to her niece, marked with her name, deeply clotted with blood. That the prisoner, who had never hitherto appeared to care for Jessie, seemed deeply, almost wildly, agitated that morning, which had surprised her (the witness) not a little at the time.

"Mrs. Ben was then dismissed, and Captain Macdonald was called to take his stand. A low murmur of sympathy ran around as they observed his pale and haggard face, and all listened with breathless interest to the testimony he reluctantly gave. He said that on the evening of the murder, being on the island, Jessie had approached him and given him a note, which she directed him to give his sister. That he had done so, and that Helena had appeared violently agitated upon receiving it, and impetuously insisted upon going to the island that night. That he had urged her not to go; but she had insisted, and upon his telling her Fritz Freibourg was going over that evening, she had said she would accompany him, and he had then left the room, and he did not see her again for upward of a fortnight.

"Fritz Freibourg next went into the box, and after the usual oath, stated that on the evening of the murder he had taken Helena across to the island. That in the boat she had talked wildly, though he could not recollect what she had said. That she had left him when they reached the shore, and had ran up the rocks through the storm, in the direction of the lodge. That he had returned to the cottage, and shortly after went to bed, leaving 'Aunt Ben,' as he called her, and Jessie down-stairs. That about midnight, being awakened by the violence of the storm, he had got up and distinctly heard a cry of 'murder,' though whether it was in Jessie's voice or not, he could not say. That a moment after, by the light of a flash of lightning, he had seen a woman flying past, with long, black hair streaming behind her, just like her,' he expressed himself, pointing to Helena. Being cross-examined, he swore positively to seeing the woman, whom he said he took, at the time, to be Helena; and nothing her counsel could say could weaken his testimony in the least.

"There were several other witnesses examined, but although I have forgotten their testimony, it all went to prove that Jessie was beloved by everybody who knew her, but Helena—that she had not an enemy in the world but Helena.

"Among others came that infernal Vaughan, who swore positively that he knew Helena to be jealous of Jessie; and in proof of which, adduced several circumstances that seemed to have a great deal of weight with the bench; that Helena's agitation upon receiving Jessie's note was so palpable that he began to have misgivings on the spot; that when he beheld her the following day, after coming from the island, she seemed like one deprived of reason, as if 'remorse for some unacted crime' preyed upon her. Oh! I could have strangled the white-livered villain on the spot," said Murray, grinding his teeth. "Then the court was adjourned until the following day, and the prisoner removed.

"Next day it was the same. There was little new evidence against Helena; but it seemed clear to all that the jury had already made up their minds as to her guilt; and that her youth and beauty only seemed to aggravate her crime.

"Then the defence was taken up; and Mr. P—— made a very good speech, and did all he could to disabuse the minds of the jury; but it was like beating the air, or 'convincing men against their will,' they were clearly of their opinion still, when he ceased. He did all he could, but that was too little to save Helena.

"The Attorney-General rose again, and set aside all P.'s arguments in a cool, contemptuous manner that carried conviction to the minds of the spectators. And then the judge arose to sum up the evidence, and charge the jury. In his mind there seemed not the faintest shadow of a doubt as to the guilt of the prisoner. I cannot remember what he said; but I know, despite his gray hairs, I felt a demoniacal desire to knock him down all the time he was speaking. Then the jury started to deliberate; and during their brief absence the silence of death reigned in that crowded court-room. Every eye was bent upon Helena; but after hearing of Herbert's marriage, she never lifted her head. It was as if the heaviest blow that could possibly befall her had passed, and life or death mattered nothing to her now.

"The jury were not absent ten minutes ere they returned. This sudden entrance was ominous; but their grave, stern faces were more ominous still. I had to grasp the arm of a man beside whom I stood; for I felt myself trembling in every limb. The foreman rose simultaneously with the others, and every breath seemed suspended.

"'Gentlemen of the jury, are you agreed upon your verdict?' asked the clerk of arraigns.

"'We are,' responded the foreman.

"'How say you, gentlemen? Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not guilty of the crime with which she is charged?'

"'*Guilty!*' was the awful response.

"At that word there arose a cry that thrilled through every heart; and Herbert Clinton, like a man possessed of a demon, fled from the house, while the appalled crowd fell back in turn before him. A dreadful silence followed; and then the judge arose, and in a voice that trembled in spite of himself, said—

"'Prisoner, arise, and receive the sentence of the law.'

"Every breath was suspended, every voice was hushed, but the prisoner neither moved nor stirred. She seemed frozen into the attitude in which she had fallen at the news of Herbert Clinton's perfidy.

"Mr. M'Calmont, who was standing near, with a face pale with deepest pity, touched her on the shoulder, and said, in a faltering voice—

"'Helena, my dearest girl, arise; let me assist you.'

"He took her arm and supported her to her feet; but when she lifted her head all beheld a face so cold, so white, so rigid, with such frozen eyes and colorless lips, such an awful look of woman's deepest woe, that every face grew pale, and every eye blinded with tears. As for me, I felt as if I were going mad. I heard the judge saying something—so save my soul I could not tell what, until the last awful words met my ear—

"'Prisoner, the sentence of the court is, that you be taken hence to the prison from which you came, and from thence to the place of execution, and that you there be hanged by the neck until you are dead.'

"I could listen no longer. How I burst from the crowd I know not, but I reached the open air, frantic, almost maddened. The crowd poured out after me, and presently the prisoner appeared between your husband, her brother, and the sheriff.

"I saw no one but Helena. Her face wore the same fixed, stony look it had done when she arose—not a muscle had quivered. It was evident she heard not, cared not for the awful doom about to befall her. I broke through the crowd like a madman until I stood before her.

"'Helena—Helena!' I cried out.

"Something in my tone arrested her, and she looked vacantly at me. She passed her hand across her forehead, as if to clear away a mist; and then said, in a low, dreamy tone—

"'Ah, Mr. Murray—I have a request to make of you.'

"'What is it?' I asked, scarcely able to speak.

"'Hasten to my dear friend, Mrs. M'Calmont, and tell her what has happened; but tell her not to be sorry for me, for it is better as it is. Malcolm, I am tired; take me away.'

"She said all this in a strange, weary tone, like one that is bewildered. I saw them help her into the coach, saw it driven away; and then I went to the hotel, feeling—well it's no use trying now to tell you how I felt. Long before daylight this morning I started to come here—and that is all."

CHAPTER XXXI.

There was a long pause. Then Mrs. M'Calmont raised her head, and asked—

"When do you return to Craig's End?"

"I cannot go before to-morrow; my horse is unfit for the journey."

"Then I will accompany you."

"But my dear madam—"

"Mr. Murray, not a word. I will go!" She spoke in a tone there was no disobeying; so Murray was forced to assent by an uneasy bow. And Mrs. M'Calmont left the room, and sought her apartment. The breakfast next morning was untouched by either of them; and when it was over, Mrs. M'Calmont hastily threw on her bonnet and shawl, and entered the carriage that stood waiting to convey her to Craig's End.

Some time before evening they reached the town—now so crowded with strangers that it would have been impossible to have secured lodgings, had not Captain Macdonald given up his rooms to the use of Mrs. M'Calmont while she should remain.

Too utterly exhausted in her present weak state to visit the prison that night, Mrs. M'Calmont immediately retired to her room, and desired the waiter to send Captain Macdonald to her.

She scarcely recognized him, so altered had he become in those few days; the old hopeful look gone, and in its place the darkest, gloomiest despair.

The meeting was a very sad and a very silent one, Mrs. M'Calmont pressed the hand he extended with deepest pity and warmest sympathy in her own; but said nothing. Her silence was more eloquent than words. At last—

"When did you see Helena?" she asked.

"Not since the day of the trial," he answered, moodily.

"No," she exclaimed, in surprise. "Why, how is that?"

"She would not see me; she would not see any one. I attended her to her cell, and there she bade me go—she would be alone. She insisted on it; she would not even see Mr. M'Calmont. I left her, and went the next day, and the next, and the next; but still the same answer was returned—she would see no one. From the moment she had left the court-house she had thrown herself upon her bed, and she would not touch the food they offered her; she would not speak one word, only repeating that peremptory demand to be alone."

"My poor, poor Helena! And Mr. Clinton, where is he?"

"I know not. When he heard the sentence of the court, he sprang on his horse, and dashed away like a madman. May Heaven's heaviest vengeance light on him and that black-hearted traitor, Vaughan; for between them they have brought her to this!"

And Captain Macdonald's face grew absolutely livid with the storm of passion that swept across it.

"My dear boy, hush! We must forgive our enemies, you know, if we expect to be given."

"Forgive them! Yes! If I meet either of them, I'll send them to another world, with a bullet through their brains, in search of forgiveness!" he fiercely replied.

"Oh, Malcolm! Do not say such dreadful things! You do not mean it, I know; but it is wrong, nevertheless."

He only replied with a smile—but such a smile! Mrs. M'Calmont turned away with a shudder.

"To-morrow I will visit the prison. I feel sure Helena will receive me."

"I hope so; but there is no telling. You can make the effort nevertheless."

"You will accompany me?"

"Oh, certainly! And, as you look fatigued now, I will leave you to seek the necessary repose. Good-night."

He was gone, with the same dark, rigid look on his face that made Mrs. M'Calmont's heart ache; and she sought her couch with a mind deeply disturbed by the thought of to-morrow's interview.

Next day, immediately after her slender breakfast, Captain Macdonald made his appearance in her room. As the prison was but a short distance from the hotel, they were to walk; and drawing her arm within his own, Captain Macdonald set out.

The streets were already crowded with people, drawn hither by the news of the great trial, and determined to wait now to see the execution. Groups were assembled in every corner discussing in low tones the expected event, and the murder. Every eye was bent on Captain Macdonald as he passed; some knowing him to be the brother of the condemned, others supposing him to be her false lover, and the elderly lady on his arm her mother.

These insolent stares were met by such fixed, fierce glances on the part of the young man, that every eye fell, and every one shrank back to let him pass.

They reached the prison, and were admitted by the warden, who glanced at Captain Macdonald in the deepest distress.

"We wish to be admitted to my sister's cell, Mr. Ritson," said Captain Macdonald.

"Yes, sir; but if you please, sir—"

"There, there! I know what you would say," impatiently interrupted the young man; "but my sister will receive this lady. Lead on, sir."

With a deep sigh of compassion, the old man obeyed; and they followed him through a long, gloomy hall, until they reached a door, before which the warden paused.

Fumbling among a large bunch of keys, he produced one which unlocked the door; and stepping back, he flung it open, and signified to them to pass in.

They did so, and paused on the threshold. For there before them was a sight that struck them dumb—that sent the life-blood curdling in horror to their hearts!

Crouching in a corner, and glaring upon them with her wild, vacant black eyes, every trace of color faded from her face, leaving even the beautiful lips blue and livid, her long black hair streaming wildly down her back, her hands held out as if to keep them off, she sat. Well might they stare, while the very life-blood froze in their hearts; Helena Macdonald, the bride of a moment, alone in her prison-cell, had gone mad.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Loathing the sunlight, hating himself, frantic, maddened, Herbert Clinton fled from the court-house, with the terrific words of the judge searing his heart, burning his brain, scathing his memory, ringing in his ears like the awful trump of the mighty archangel.

Whither he went, what became of him, he cared not, knew not. Driving his spurs into his horse's flanks, until the maddened beast fairly flew over the ground, he fled on, and on, and on, with heart on fire, his head in a whirl—feeling as though a wheel of flame were crashing through it—knowing, feeling conscious of but one thing—that Helena was condemned to die. And through him—through his fault. That was the thought that overwhelmed his soul in anguish and despair. All his treachery, all his falsehood, all his duplicity, was known to her now; and, dying, she would loathe, hate, and despise him. He could have cursed himself—he could have cursed earth, and Heaven, and all mankind in that moment, while the tempest of agony, remorse, despair, and anguish were raging in his soul.

And on, still on, he flew, unheeding the passing hours—unheeding whither he went, until his exhausted and panting horse fell helpless beneath him.

That was the first thing that brought him to his senses. He sprang off the back of the foam-covered and trembling animal, and conscious that his headlong speed and frenzied looks must excite distrust and suspicion, he strove to calm himself, and lead his horse to the nearest inn.

He lifted his head to look about him, and found he had nearly reached a large town. Assisting his horse to rise, he led him slowly toward an unpretending little farm-house that chanced to be near, and knocked loudly at the door.

The summons was answered by a boy, who stared at Herbert with a look of blank dismay.

"I have ridden my horse until, as you perceive, he is unable to proceed any further. Can he remain here for the night?" he asked, abruptly.

The sound of his voice brought a man to the door, smoking a short black pipe.

"What is it?" he asked.

"This man wants to know if his beastie can stay here to-night and he took care of," explained the lad.

"Aye, aye," responded the man, heartily; "and you, too, sir, if you'll honor us with your company. Jamie, take the gentleman's horse off to the barn. Walk in, sir—walk in. You look quite as near used up yourself, as your beast does. Walk in, and sit down."

Accepting his hospitality with a brief nod, Herbert followed him into a large, clean-looking room, where a woman sat knitting, and two girls sat sewing.

The female portion of the establishment got up and dropped him a curtsey, while the old man presented him with a chair. Herbert removed his hat from his hot and throbbing brow, and shook back his long, dark, clustering locks, while the girls glanced at him askance, with looks of mingled admiration and fear at his wild and excited looks.

"Come from the town, I suppose?" said his host, drawing a chair opposite Herbert's, and resuming his pipe.

A brief "yes" was his sole reply.

"Great doings going on there, I hear; lots of people crowding to it every day."

Another "yes," brief and cold, was his answer.

"Great talk, too, about this trial. You've heard of it, of course?"

Still another "yes," briefer, sterner, and colder than before, was Herbert's answer; but his talkative host was not abashed.

"Very sad affair, I must say," he went on, shaking his head, "and very strange all through. It's wonderful how women will do things when they're in a passion. They say this Miss Macdonald went over on purpose to kill this other lassie, and threw her body into the sea when she was done."

Here he waited for a reply, but received none, for Herbert, with his face shaded by his hand and his falling hair, was thinking, with a bursting heart, of Helena, and heard not a word the garrulous old man said.

"This Miss Macdonald's beau—what she was going to be married to when she got took up—must be a precious villain. They say he was married to the other young lassie on the sly, and nobody never knowed nothing about it. I'd like to get my hands on him, and give him a good horsewhipping. A little hanging wouldn't hurt him a bit more than her."

At this *expose* of his feelings, the worthy man again paused for a reply that came not, for Herbert Clinton, buried in his own bitter thoughts, was dead to all the world around.

"Yes, there's a great crowd going to town," resumed the old man, thoughtfully, as a light van filled with people rattled past; "but it's nothing to what will go to see her hung. I'll go to see that myself, and I'll take the women and the girls, too. I've been promising them a treat this long time. Suppose you'll be there, too?" he added, determined to get an answer by some means.

But still his strange guest maintained his moody silence, and the old man gave up the effort in despair, and turned the tide of his eloquence on Jamie, who entered at this moment, in numberless inquiries concerning the state of the gentleman's horse. The girls looked at each other and giggled, and the old woman peered at him suspiciously over her spectacles.

A summons to supper was the first thing that roused him from his revery; but with a head giddy, a brain throbbing with intensity of tumultuous thought, the very sight of food was loathsome to him. Rising to his feet, and standing with difficulty, owing to his strange dizziness, he said—

"As you kindly invited me to remain all night, may I ask to be shown to my room? I do not feel quite well, and I think I will retire."

The old woman gave her husband a warning glance, that revealed plainer than words the danger of having so suspicious a guest in the house; but the "good lazy soul," totally regardless of it in his hospitality, exclaimed—

"Yes, yes, sir; but won't you take something first? Mary's tea and marmalade, or scones, are first rate, or a glass of toddy? Do sit down, sir, and take a little snack."

"Not any, thank you," said Herbert, faintly, as his headache grew more intense. "I wish to retire immediately."

"Oh, very well, then," said the old man; adding, in a distinct whisper, "Gals, you'll have to give your room up to the gentleman. This way, sir, if you please."

Herbert followed his hospitable guide up a flight of intensely rickety stairs, into a small and scantily-furnished little bed-room, hung round with feminine articles of apparel, and containing a comfortable bed.

"I hope you'll sleep well, sir," said his host, as he ushered him in. "It's a poor place for the like of you, but it's the best we've got."

"It's all I could wish," said Herbert, who could not have told for the life of him whether it was sumptuously furnished or otherwise.

And then, returning his host's good-night, he threw himself on the bed, and strove to forget in sleep the dull, heavy aching of his head and heart.

"A queer chap, that," said the old man, as he slowly plodded his way down-stairs. "Looks as if he had seen some trouble lately. Well, this world is full of trouble, nothing but trouble for rich and poor alike, and always will be so to the end, I do believe."

And with this hopeful and encouraging view of the world in general, he opened the door, and entered the bosom of his family.

"Well, now, Rob," exclaimed his spouse, in a voice more remarkable for shrillness than sweetness, "I wonder at your harboring every highwayman and sulky stranger you don't know nothing about in this way. How do you know we won't get our throats cut in cold blood afore morning, with that there dark-looking, silent man in the house? How do you know but he's a robber?"

"I don't believe he's a robber," said Rob, quietly sitting down at the table; "he don't look like that. Seems more like as if he had some heavy trouble or other a-weighing on his mind. Any way, you wouldn't have me turn away a tired man from the door, would you, old woman?"

"Well, if he weren't so suspicious-looking," grumbled the old woman; "but for to go and sit there all the evening, and never speak one word, is a leetle too much."

"People don't talk when they are in trouble, I tell you," retorted her spouse. "And now I think on't, perhaps he's some friend or other of that poor young lassie that's going to be hung. I'm sure, if he is, it's enough to make him be silent. Fill my cup, Mary."

"He's very good-looking, any way," remarked one of the girls, "with the loveliest of black eyes."

"And the sweetest curling hair!" said the other.

"And the whitest teeth—did you notice?" added the first.

"No; but I saw his hands—they were white as a lady's," chimed in the second.

"I don't believe he's a bad man, either; he don't look like it," said the first.

"I declare to massy, if Mary ain't gone and fell in love with him!" exclaimed Jamie, with a chuckle.

"Indeed, I have not," said Mary, angrily, with reddening cheeks.

"Well, there, don't get a quarrelling about him," broke in the mother. "The man's going away to-morrow morning—that's one blessing."

But neither that to-morrow, nor the next, nor the next, did Herbert Clinton go, for when the morning came, they found him tossing in the delirium of a fever. In dire alarm, a doctor was sent for, who said he was ill from over-excitement of some kind, and was threatened with brain fever, but that with proper care it might be warded off.

Querulous as the good lady of the house might seem outwardly, at heart she was kind and motherly, and all her sympathies were aroused for the sick young stranger. She listened in wonder and pity to his wild ravings, from which she could easily gather that he was in some way connected with the dire event that was occupying every tongue—how, she could not tell. That he was of a station far superior to their own, they also could see, and with the most tender and unceasing care they watched over him night and day.

But with all their kind nursing, a fortnight elapsed before he was able to leave his bed, and another passed before he was strong enough to walk about.

Of Helena, and the rest, he had heard nothing during all this time. All exciting topics they had been forbidden by the doctor to speak of before him; and that, as the one exciting theme on every tongue, in particular. In fact, had they been willing, they had very little to tell, for they had few visitors from the outer world to their quiet little cot.

One evening, as, still weak and languid, he sat by the window, watching the sun sink red and fiery behind a dense black cloud, and thinking bitterly how, by the impetuous violence of his own headstrong passions, his own life had been similarly clouded, the lad Jamie came in, with wide opened eyes and mouth, all aglow with some wonderful news.

"Well, Jamie, boy, what is it?" said his father, who sat, as Herbert had first seen him, serenely smoking his pipe.

"Oh, father, I've just seen old Sanderson, from Craig's End," said the boy, excitedly.

"Well, lad, what's the news from there?" inquired his father.

Herbert, too, looked round with a start.

"Why, he says people are crowding to it, now, from every place—that every house is full of people come to see the woman hung!"

Herbert Clinton's face grew livid, and his brain reeled at the words.

"He says she was raving crazy awhile, and that delayed it so long; but the doctors brought her to, and now the execution's going to take place the day after to-morrow."

His mother's warning glance toward Herbert came too late. With the look of a madman, he rushed from the house. A horse the boy had been riding stood saddled at the gate. He sprang on his back, and striking him a furious blow, dashed off, under the first moment's fierce excitement, as he had done before, unheeding, uncaring, whither he went.

He saw not, heeded not the coming storm; but one idea filled heart and brain—that of escaping, of flying far away, of never again beholding the scene of so many horrors.

Night was at hand, bearing in its dark, lowering face the storm that all day had been threatening. An oppressive stillness, a burning heat filled the air, and the old trees creaked, groaned, and tossed their long, weird arms with a dreary, moaning noise, as though in pain. A hot, gusty wind lifted at intervals the heavy dark hair off his burning brow, but without cooling it. It rustled the dry leaves till they whirled in a shower around him; but he heeded it not—he would hardly have heeded the wildest, maddest hurricane in that moment.

He had reached the forest, and now, his course becoming, from necessity, less rapid, he could look around him, and note the change of weather. By the last sickly light of the dying day he saw a tempest was at hand, and he hailed it with a sort of mad exultation, to think that nature, convulsed by the storm, would be so much more in unison with the storm raging within his own breast.

He gave the frowning face of the sky but one momentary glance, for another, and far more terrible sight was ever before his agonized eyes. It was the form—the beautiful form, of his worshipped Helena, swinging between Heaven and earth, convulsed in the agony of that horrible death, exposed to the gaze, to the shouts and derision of the mob, her lovely face darkened and convulsed until death would mercifully put an end to her tortures.

The awful vision seemed driving him mad. With something like the shriek of a maniac, he struck the animal he bestrode a furious blow to drive him on. The horse bounded madly on for a few paces; but at that moment a vivid sheet of lightning blazed across their path, and he suddenly stopped, reared himself almost upright, and with a loud snort of fear, turned and fled.

Faint from recent illness, Herbert lost his seat, and was hurled, wounded and bleeding to the earth.

And now, alone, wounded and helpless, in the vast old woods, the storm was upon him in its might.

It is said that, in the moment that elapses before some sudden and terrible death, all the events of our lives pass with the rapidity of lightning through our minds. So was it now with Herbert Clinton. As he lay prostrate, bleeding and helpless, all the great wrongs he had done, all he had made others suffer, arose before him with a bitterness exceeding that of death. Through him Jessie was murdered; through him Helena was now to die a felon's ignominous death.

The storm was each moment increasing, and it howled, and shrieked, and tore through the trees, as though it had risen in vengeance against him. He thought of that other night of storm and tempest, on which his loving, much-wronged child-wife had perished by the steel of the assassin. He thought of Helena, alone and doomed, waiting for death in her prison-cell.

And then, with startling suddeness, flashed across his mind the strange vision that, years before, he had seen and scoffed at in a far-off land. One by one, three visions had been realized; and now only one—the death on the scaffold—was to come.

The night, the storm, the forest, the wounded man—all were here; and now was death to come, and end all this mortal strife and close forever the dark drama of his life.

While these thoughts were yet passing through his mind, a sound smote his ear that startled him from the deadly stupor into which he was fast falling. It was no crash of the storm, this; no sound of wind and rain among the trees; but the sound of human footsteps flying wildly through the storm. He strove to raise himself and cry out; but his voice was lost in the wild uproar around, and he was about to fall back in despair, when the fugitive from the storm struck against him, and fell over him on the ground.

The shock of the sudden concussion nearly stunned Herbert; but the person who had fallen, uttering a sharp ejaculation, was up again in an instant, and bending over him. By the light of the rapid flashes of lightning he beheld a woman with dark, flowing hair, and wild, maniac eyes—the same startling vision he had twice before seen in Macdonald's Isle.

With a shriek that pierced high above the storm, she sprang up, and sped away through the woods with the speed of an arrow shot from a bow. The unexpected sight of this unearthly looking visitant was too much for nature, in her present exhausted state, to bear; and falling heavily back, the dark night of insensibility closed around him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Man With the Nose.

BY RHODA BROUGHTON.

[The details of this little story are, of course, imaginary; but the main incidents are, to the best of my belief, facts. They happened twenty, or more than twenty years ago.]

I.

"Let us get a map, and see what places look pleasantest," says she.

"As for that," reply I, "on a map most places look equally pleasant."

"Never mind; get one!"

I obey.

"Do you like the sea-side?" asks Elizabeth, lifting her little brown head and her small, happy, white face from the English sea-coast, along which her forefinger is slowly travelling.

"Since you ask me, distinctly *No*," reply I, for once venturing to have a decided opinion of my own, which, during the last few weeks of imbecility, I can be hardly said to have had. "I broke my last wooden spade five-and-twenty years ago. I have but a poor opinion of cockles—sandy, red-nosed things, are they not? and the air always makes me bilious."

"Then we certainly will not go there," says Elizabeth, laughing. "A bilious bridegroom! alliterative, but horrible! None of our friends show the least eagerness to lend us their country-house."

"Oh, that God would put it into the hearts of men to take their wives straight home, as their fathers did!" say I, with a cross groan.

"It is evident, therefore, that we must go somewhere," returns she, not heeding the aspiration contained in my last speech, making her forefinger resume its employment, and reaching Torquay.

"I suppose so," say I, with a sort of sigh; "for once in our lives we must resign ourselves to having the finger of derision pointed at us by waiters and landlords."

"You shall leave your new portmanteau at home, and I will leave all my best clothes, and nobody will guess that we are bride and bridegroom; they will think that we have been married—oh! ever since the world began" (opening her eyes very wide).

I shake my head. "With an old portmanteau and in rags we shall still have the mark of the beast upon us."

"Do you mind much? do you hate being ridiculous?" asks Elizabeth, meekly, rather depressed by my view of the case; "because, if so, let us go somewhere out of the way, where there will be very few people to laugh at us."

"On the contrary," return I, stoutly, "we will betake ourselves to some spot where such as we do chiefly congregate,—where we shall be swallowed up and lost in the multitude of our fellow-sinners." A pause devoted to reflection. "What do you say to Killarney?" say I, cheerfully.

"There are a great many fleas there, I believe," replies Elizabeth, slowly. "Flea-bites make large lumps on me. You would not like me if I were covered with large lumps."

At the hideous ideal picture thus presented to me by my little beloved I relapsed into inarticulate idiocy; emerging from which by and by, I suggest, "The Lakes?" My arm is round her, and I feel her supple body shiver, though it is mid-July, and the bees are booming about in the still and sleepy noon garden outside.

"Oh, no, no! not *there!*"

"Why such emphasis?" I ask, gayly; "more fleas? At this rate, and with this *sine qua non*, our choice will grow limited."

"Something dreadful happened to me there," she says, with another shudder. "But indeed I did not think there was any harm in it. I never thought anything would come of it."

"What the devil was it?" cry I, in a jealous heat and hurry? "What the mischief *did* you do? and why have not you told me about it before?"

"I did not *do* much," she answers, meekly, seeking for my hand, and, when found, kissing it in timid deprecation of my wrath; "but I was ill, very ill, there. I had a nervous fever. I was in a bed hung with chintz, with a red-and-green fern-leaf pattern on it. I have always hated red-and-green fern-leaf chintzes ever since."

"It would be possible to avoid the obnoxious bed, would not it?" say I, laughing a little. "Where does it lie? Windermere? Ulleswater? Wastwater? Where?"

"We were at Ulleswater," she says, speaking rapidly, while a hot color grows on her small, white cheeks,—"papa, mamma, and I; and there came a mesmerizer to Penrith, and we went to see him; everybody did; and he asked leave to mesmerize me; he said I should be such a good medium—and—and—I did not know what it was like. I thought it would be quite good fun; and—and—I let him."

She is trembling exceedingly! even the loving pressure of my arms cannot abate her shivering.

"Well?"

"And after that I do not remember anything. I believe I did all sorts of extraordinary things that he told me,—sang and danced, and made a fool of myself; but when I came home I was very ill, very. I lay in bed for five whole weeks, and—and was off my head, and said odd and wicked things that you would not have expected me to say. That dreadful bed!—shall I ever forget it?"

"We will *not* go to the Lakes," I say, decisively; "and we will not talk any more about mesmerism."

"That is right," she says, with a sigh of relief. "I try to think about it as little as possible; but sometimes in the dead black of the night, when God seems a long way off, and the devil near, it comes back to me so strongly! I feel—do not you know?—as if he were *there*, somewhere in the room, and I *must* get up and follow him."

"Why should not we go abroad?" suggest I, abruptly turning the conversation.

"Why, indeed?" cries Elizabeth, recovering her gayety, while her pretty blue eyes begin to dance. "How stupid of us not to have thought of it before! only *abroad* is a big word. *What* abroad?"

"We must be content with something short of Central Africa," I say gravely, "as I think our hundred and fifty pounds would hardly take us that far."

"Wherever we go, we must buy a dialogue-book," suggests my little bride-elect; "and I will learn some phrases before we start."

"As for that, the Anglo-Saxon tongue takes one pretty well round the world," reply I with a feeling of complacent British swagger, putting my hands in my breeches-pockets.

"Do you fancy the Rhine?" says Elizabeth with a rather timid suggestion. "I know it is the fashion to run it down now-a-days, and call it a cocktail river; but—but, after all, it cannot be so *very* contemptible, or Byron could not have said such noble things about it."

"'The castled crag of Drachenfels
Frowns o'er the wide and winding Rhine,
Whose breast of waters broadly swells
Between the banks which bear the vine,'"

say I, spouting. "After all, that proves nothing; for Byron could have made a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

"The Rhine will not do, then?" says she resignedly, suppressing a sigh.

"On the contrary, it will do admirably: it is a cocktail river, and I do not care who says it is not," reply I with illiberal positiveness. "But everybody should be able to say so from their own experience, and not from hearsay: the Rhine let it be, by all means."

So the Rhine it is.

II.

I have got over it; we have both got over it tolerably, creditably: but, after all, it is a much severer ordeal for a man than a woman, who, with a bouquet to occupy her hands, and a veil to gently shroud her features, need merely be prettily passive. I am alluding, I need hardly say, to the religious ceremony of marriage, which I flatter myself I have gone through with a stiff sheepishness not unworthy of my country. It is a three-days-old event now, and we are getting used to belonging to one another; though Elizabeth still takes off her ring twenty times a day to admire its bright thickness; still laughs when she hears herself called "Madame." Three days ago we kissed all our friends, and left them to make themselves ill on our cake, and criticise our bridal behavior; and now we are at Brussels, she and I, feeling oddly, joyfully free from any *chaperone*. We have been mildly sight-seeing—very mildly, most people would say; but we have resolved not to take our pleasure with the railway speed of Americans, or the hasty sadness of our fellow-Britons. Slowly and gayly we have been taking ours. To-day we have been to visit Wiertz's pictures. Have you ever seen them, oh, reader? They are known to comparatively few people; but if you have a taste for the unearthly terrible, if you wish to sup full of horrors, hasten thither. We have been peering through the appointed peep-hole at the horrible cholera picture—the man buried alive by mistake, pushing up the lid of his coffin, and stretching a ghastly face and livid hands out of his winding-sheet toward you, while awful gray-blue coffins are piled around, and noisome toads and giant spiders crawl damply about. On first seeing it, I have reproached myself for bringing one of so nervous a temperament as Elizabeth to see so haunting and hideous a spectacle; but she is less impressed than I expected—less impressed than I myself am.

"He is very lucky to be able to get his lid up," she says with a half-laugh. "We should find it hard work to burst our brass nails, should not we? When you bury me, dear, fasten me down very slightly, in case there may be some mistake."

And now, all the long and quiet July evening, we have been prowling together about the streets. Brussels is the town of towns for *flâner*-ing—have been flattening our noses against the shop-windows, and making each other imaginary presents. Elizabeth has not confined herself to imagination, however: she has made me buy her a little bonnet with feathers—"in order to look married," as she says; and the result is such a delicious picture of a child playing at being grown up, having practised a theft on its mother's wardrobe, that, for the last two hours, I have been in a foolish ecstasy of love and laughter over her and it. We are at the "Bellevue," and have a fine suite of rooms, *au premier*, evidently specially devoted to the English, to the gratification of whose well-known loyalty the Prince and Princess of Wales are simpering from the walls. Is there any one in the three kingdoms who knows his own face as well as he knows the faces of Albert Victor and Alexandra? The long evening has at last slidden into night—night far advanced—night melting into earliest day. All Brussels is asleep. One moment ago I also was asleep, soundly as any log. What is it that has made me take this sudden, headlong plunge out of sleep into wakefulness? Who is it that is clutching at and calling upon me? What is it that is making me struggle mistily up into a sitting posture, and try to revive my sleep-numbed senses? A Summer night is never wholly dark, by the half light that steals through the closed *persiennes* and open windows I see my wife standing beside my bed, the extremity of terror on her face, and her fingers digging themselves with painful tenacity into my arm.

"Tighter, tighter!" she is crying wildly. "What are you thinking of? You are letting me go!"

"Good Heavens!" say I, rubbing my eyes, while my muddy brain grows a trifle clearer. "What is it? What has happened? Have you had a nightmare?"

"You saw him," she says with a sort of sobbing breathlessness; "you know you did! You saw him as well as I."

"I!" cry I, incredulously; "not I. Till this second, I have been fast asleep. *I* saw nothing."

"You did!" she cries, passionately. "You know you did! Why do you deny it? You were as frightened as I!"

"As I live," I answer, solemnly, "I know no more than the dead what you are talking about. Till you woke me by calling me, and catching hold of me, I was as sound asleep as the seven sleepers."

"Is it possible that it can have been a *dream?*" she says with a long sigh, for a moment loosing my arm, and covering her face with her hands. "But no; in a dream I should have been somewhere else; but I was here—*here*—on that bed; and he stood *there* (pointing with her forefinger)—just *there*, between the foot of it and the window!"

She stops, panting.

"It is all that brute Wiertz!" say I in a fury. "I wish I had been buried alive myself before I had been fool enough to take you to see his beastly daubs."

"Light a candle," she says in the same breathless way, her teeth chattering with fright. "Let us make sure that he is not hidden somewhere in the room."

"How could he be?" say I, striking a match. "The door is locked."

"He might have got in by the balcony," she answers, till trembling violently.

"He would have had to have cut a very large hole in the *persiennes*," say I half-mockingly. "See! they are intact, and well fastened on the inside."

She sinks into an arm-chair, and pushes her loose, soft hair from her white face.

"It *was* a dream, then, I suppose."

She is silent for a moment or two, while I bring her a glass of water, and throw a dressing-gown round her cold and shrinking form.

"Now tell me, my little one," I say coaxingly, sitting down at her feet, "what it was it—what you thought you saw."

"*Thought* I saw!" echoes she with indignant emphasis, sitting upright, while her eyes sparkle feverishly. "I am as certain that I saw him standing there as I am that I see that candle burning—that I see this chair—that I see you."

"*Him!* but who is *him?*"

She falls forward on my neck, and buries her face in my shoulder. "That—dreadful man!" she says, while her whole body is one tremor.

"*What* dreadful man?" cry I, impatiently.

She is silent.

"Who was he?"

"I do not know."

"Did you ever see him before?"

"Oh, no!—no, never! I hope to God I may never see him again!"

"What was he like?"

"Come closer to me," she says, laying hold of my hand with her small and chilly fingers. "Stay *quite* near me, and I will tell you" (after a pause): "he had a *nose!*"

"My dear soul," cry I, bursting out with a loud laugh in the silence of the night, "do not most people have noses? Would not he have been much more dreadful if he had had *none?*"

"But it was *such* a nose!" she says, with perfect trembling gravity.

"A bottle-nose?" suggest I, still cackling.

"For Heaven's sake, don't laugh!" she says, nervously. "If you had seen his face, you would have been as little disposed to laugh as I."

"But his nose?" return I, suppressing my merriment; "what kind of nose was it? See, I am as grave as a judge."

"It was very prominent," she answers, in a sort of awe-struck half whisper, "and very sharply chiselled; the nostrils were very much cut out." A little pause. "His eyebrows were one straight black line across his face; and under them his eyes burned like dull coals of fire, that shone, and yet did not shine; they looked like dead eyes,—sunken, half-extinguished, and yet sinister."

"And what did he do?" ask I, impressed, despite myself, by her passionate earnestness. "When did you first see him?"

"I was asleep," she said; "at least, I thought so; and suddenly I opened my eyes, and he was *there—there,*" pointing again with trembling finger,—"between the window and the bed."

"What was he doing? Was he walking about?"

"He was standing as still as stone—I never saw any live thing so still—*looking* at me; he never called, nor beckoned, nor moved a finger; but his eyes *commanded* me to come to him as the eyes of the mesmerizer at Penrith did." She stops, breathing heavily. I can hear her heart's loud and rapid beats.

"And you?" I say, pressing her more closely to my side, and smoothing her troubled hair.

"I *hated* it!" she cries, excitedly. "I loathed it—abhorred it! I was ice-cold with fear and horror; but I *felt* myself going to him."

"Yes?"

"And then I shrieked out to you, and you came running, and caught fast hold of me, and held me tight at first—quite tight; but presently I felt your hold slacken—slacken; and though I *longed* to stay with you, though I was *mad* with fright, yet I felt myself pulling strongly away from you—going to him; and he—he stood there, always looking—looking; and then I gave one last loud shriek, and I suppose I awoke—and it was a dream!"

"I never heard a clearer case of nightmare," say I stoutly. "That vile Wiertz! I should like to see his whole *Musée* burned by the hands of the hangman to-morrow."

She shakes her head. "It had nothing to say to Wiertz. What it meant I do not know; but—"

"It meant nothing," I answered, re-assuringly; "except that, for the future, we will go and see none but good and pleasant sights, and steer clear of charnel-house fancies."

III.

Elizabeth is now in a position to decide whether the Rhine is a cocktail river or no; for she is on it, and so am I. We are sitting with an awning over our heads, and little wooden stools under our feet. Elizabeth has a small sailor's hat and blue ribbon on her head. The river breeze has blown it rather awry; has tangled her plenteous hair; has made a faint pink stain on her pale cheeks. It is some fête-day, and the boat is crowded. Tables, countless camp-stools, volumes of black smoke, pouring from the funnel, as we steam along. "Nothing to the Caledonian Canal!" cries a burly Scotchman in leggings, speaking with loud authority, and surveying with an air of contempt the eternal vine-clad slopes, that sound so well, and look so *sticky* in reality. "Cannot hold a candle to it!" A rival bride and bridegroom opposite, sitting together like love-birds under an umbrella, looking into each other's eyes instead of at the Rhine scenery.

"They might as well have stayed at home, might not they?" says my wife with a little air of superiority. "Come, we are not so bad as that, are we?"

A storm comes on; hailstones beat slantwise, and reach us—stone and sting us right under our awning. Everybody rushes down below, and takes the opportunity to feed ravenously. There are few actions more disgusting than eating *can* be made. A handsome girl close to us—her immaturity evidenced by the two long tails of black hair down her back—is thrusting her knife half-way down her throat.

"Come on deck again," says Elizabeth, disgusted and frightened at this last sight. "The hail was much better than this!"

So we return to our camp-stools, and sit alone under one mackintosh in the lashing storm, with happy hearts and empty stomachs.

"Is not this better than any luncheon?" asks Elizabeth, triumphantly, while the rain-drops hang on her long and curled lashes.

"Infinitely better," reply I, madly struggling with the umbrella to prevent its being blown inside out, and gallantly ignoring a species of gnawing sensation at my entrails.

The squall clears off by and by, and we go steaming, steaming on past the unnumbered little villages by the water's edge, with church-spires and pointed roofs; past the countless rocks, with their little pert castles perched on the top of them; past the tall, stiff poplar rows. The church-bells are ringing gayly as we go by. A nightingale is singing from a wood. The black eagle of Prussia droops on the stream behind us, swish-swish through the dull green water. A fat woman who is interested in it leans over the back of the boat, and, by some happy effect of crinoline, displays to her fellow-passengers two yards of thick white cotton legs. She is, fortunately for herself, unconscious of her generosity.

The day steals on; at every stopping-place more people come on. There is hardly elbow-room; and, what is worse, almost everybody is drunk. Rocks, castles, villages, poplars, slide by; while the paddles churn always the water, and the evening draws grayly on. At Bingen a party of big blue Prussian soldiers, very drunk, "glorious" as Tam O'Shanter, come and establish themselves close to us. They call for lager beer; talk at the tip-top of their strong voices; two of them begin to spar; all seem inclined to sing. Elizabeth is frightened. We are two hours late in arriving at Biebrich. It is half an hour more before we can get ourselves and our luggage into a carriage, and set off along the winding road to Wiesbaden. "The night is chilly, but not dark." There is only a little shabby bit of a moon; but it shines as hard as it can. Elizabeth is quite worn out; her tired head droops in uneasy sleep on my shoulder. Once she wakes up with a start—

"Are you sure that it meant nothing?" she asks, looking me eagerly in my face. "Do people often have such dreams?"

"Often, often," I answer re-assuringly.

"I am always afraid of falling asleep now," she says, trying to sit upright, and keep her heavy eyes open, "for fear of seeing him standing there again. Tell me, do you think I shall? Is there any chance, any probability, of it?"

"None, none!"

We reach Wiesbaden at last, and drive up to the Hotel des Quatre Saisons. By this time it is full midnight. Two or three men are standing about the door. Morris, the maid, has got out; so have I; and I am holding out my hand to Elizabeth, when I hear her give one piercing scream, and see her with ash-white face and starting eyes point with her forefinger.

"There he is!—there!—there!"

I look in the direction indicated, and just catch a glimpse of a tall figure, standing half in the shadow of the night, half in the gas-light from the hotel. I have not time for more than one cursory glance, as I am interrupted by a cry from the bystanders; and, turning quickly round, am just in time to catch my wife, who falls in utter insensibility into my arms. We carry her into a room on the ground-floor: it is small, noisy and hot; but it is the nearest at hand. In about an hour she re-opens her eyes. A strong shudder makes her quiver from head to foot.

"Where is he?" she says in a terrified whisper as her senses come slowly back. "He is somewhere about—somewhere near. I feel that he is!"

"My dearest child, there is no one here but Morris and me," I answer soothingly. "Look for yourself. See!"

I take one of the candles, and light up each corner of the room in succession.

"You saw him!" she says in trembling hurry, sitting up, and clinching her hands together. "I know you did. I pointed him out to you; you *cannot* say that it was a dream *this* time."

"I saw two or three ordinary-looking men as we drove up," I answer in a commonplace, matter-of-fact tone. "I did not notice anything remarkable about any of them. You know, the fact is, darling, that you have had nothing to eat all day—nothing but a biscuit; and you are overwrought, and fancy things."

"Fancy!" echoes she with strong irritation. "How you talk! Was I ever one to fancy things? I tell you, that, as sure as I sit here,—as sure as you stand there,—I saw him—*him*—the man I saw in my dream, if it was a dream. There was not a hair's breadth of difference between them; and he was looking at me,—looking—"

She breaks off into hysterical sobbing.

"My dear child," say I, thoroughly alarmed, and yet half angry, "for God's sake do not work yourself up into a fever! Wait till to-morrow, and we will find out who he is, and all about him: you yourself will laugh when we discover that he is some harmless bagman."

"Why not *now?*" she says nervously. "Why cannot you find out *now,—this minute?*"

"Impossible! Everybody is in bed. Wait till morning, and all will be cleared up."

The morrow comes, and I go about the hotel, inquiring. The house is so full, and the data I have to go upon are so small, that for some time I have great difficulty in making it understood to whom I am alluding. At length one waiter seems to comprehend.

"A tall and dark gentleman, with a pronounced and very peculiar nose? Yes: there has been such a one, certainly, in the hotel; but he left at *grand matin* this morning; he remained only one night."

"And his name?"

The *garçon* shakes his head. "That is unknown, monsieur: he did not inscribe it in the visitors' book."

"What countryman was he?"

Another shake of the head. "He spoke German; but it was with a foreign accent."

"Whither did he go?"

That also is unknown. Nor can I arrive at any more facts about him.

IV.

A fortnight has passed: we have been hither and thither: now we are at Lucerne. Peopled with better inhabitants, Lucerne might well do for Heaven. It is drawing toward eventide; and Elizabeth and I are sitting, hand in hand, on a quiet bench under the shady linden-trees, on a high hill up above the lake. There is nobody to see us: so we sit peaceably, hand in hand. Up by the still and solemn monastery we came, with its small and narrow windows, calculated to hinder the holy fathers from promenading curious eyes on the world, the flesh and the devil, tripping past them in blue gauze veils: below us grass, and green trees, houses with high-pitched roofs, little dormer-windows, and shutters yet greener than the grass; below us the lake in its rippleless peace, calm, quiet, motionless as Bethesda's pool before the coming of the troubling angel.

"I said it was too good to last," say I doggedly, "did not I, only yesterday? Perfect peace, perfect sympathy; perfect freedom from nagging worries; when did such a state of things last more than two days?"

Elizabeth's eyes are idly fixed on a little steamer, with a stripe of red along its side, and a tiny puff of smoke from its funnel, gliding along, and cutting a narrow white track on Lucerne's sleepy surface.

"This is the fifth false alarm of the gout having gone to his stomach within the last two years," continue I, resentfully. "I declare to Heaven, that if it has not really gone there this time, I'll cut the whole concern!"

Let no one cast up their eyes in horror, imagining that it is my father to whom I am thus alluding: it is only a great-uncle by marriage, in consideration of whose wealth and vague promises I have dawdled professionless through twenty-eight years of my life.

"You *must* not go," says Elizabeth, giving my hand an imploring squeeze. "The man in the Bible said, 'I have married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.' Why should it be a less valid excuse nowadays?"

"If I recollect rightly, it was considered rather a poor one even then," reply I, dryly.

Elizabeth is unable to contradict this: she therefore only lifts two pouted lips (Monsieur Taine objects to the redness of English women's mouths, but I do not), to be kissed, and says,

"Stay."

I am good enough to comply with her unspoken request, though I remain firm with regard to her spoken one.

"My dearest child," I say with an air of worldly experience and superior wisdom, "kisses are very good things—in fact, there are few better; but one cannot live upon them."

"Let us try," she says, coaxingly.

"I wonder which would get tired first?" I say, laughing. But she only goes on pleading,

"Stay, stay."

"How *can* I stay?" I cry impatiently: "you talk as if I *wanted* to go! Do you think it is any pleasanter to me to leave you than to you to be left? But you know his disposition, his rancorous resentment of fancied neglects. For the sake of two days' indulgence, must I throw away what will keep us in ease and plenty to the end of our days?"

"I do not care for plenty," she says, with a little petulant gesture. "I do not see that rich people are any happier than poor ones. Look at the St. Claire: they have forty thousand pound a year; and she is a miserable woman, perfectly miserable, because her face gets red after dinner."

"There will be no fear of *our* faces getting red after dinner," say I grimly; "for we shall have no dinner for them to get red after."

A pause. My eyes stray away to the mountains. Pilatus on the right, with his jagged peak, and slender snow-chains about his harsh neck; hill after hill rising silent, eternal, like guardian spirits standing hand-in-hand around their child, the lake. As I look, suddenly they have all flushed, as at some noblest thought; and over all their sullen faces streams an ineffable, rosy joy, a solemn and wonderful effulgence, such as Israel saw reflected from the features of the Eternal in their prophet's transfigured eyes. The unutterable peace and stainless beauty of earth and sky seem to lie softly on my soul. "Would God I could stay! would God all life could be like this!" I say devoutly; and the aspiration has the reverent earnestness of a prayer.

"Why do you say, '*Would God?*'" she cries, passionately, "when it lies with yourself? Oh, my dear love!" (gently sliding her hand through my arm, and lifting wetly-beseeching eyes to my face,) "I do not know why I insist upon it so much—I cannot tell you myself—I dare say I seem selfish and unreasonable; but I feel as if your going now would be the end of all things; as if—" She breaks off suddenly.

"My child," say I, thoroughly distressed, but still determined to have my own way, "you talk as if I were going forever-and-a-day. In a week, at the outside, I shall be back; and then you will thank me for the very thing for which you now think me so hard and disobliging."

"Shall I?" she answers mournfully.

"Well, I hope so."

"You will not be alone, either: you will have Morris."

"Yes."

"And every day you will write me a long letter, telling me every single thing that you do, say and think?"

"Yes."

She answers me gently and obediently; but I can see that she is still utterly unreconciled to the idea of my absence.

"What is it that you are afraid of?" I ask, becoming rather irritated. "What do you suppose will happen to you?"

She does not answer: only a large tear falls on my hand, which she hastily wipes away with her pocket-handkerchief, as if afraid of exciting my wrath.

"Can you give me any good reason why I *should* stay?" I ask, dictatorially.

"None—none: only—stay—stay!"

But I am resolved *not* to stay. Early the next morning I set off.

V.

This time it is not a false alarm: this time it really has gone to his stomach, and, declining to be dislodged thence, kills him. My return is therefore retarded until after the funeral and the reading of the will. The latter is so satisfactory, and my time is so fully occupied with a multiplicity of attendant business, that I have no leisure to regret the delay. I write to Elizabeth, but receive no letters from her. This surprises and makes me rather angry, but does not alarm me. If she had been ill, if any thing had happened, Morris would have written. She never was great at writing, poor little soul! What dear little babyish notes she used to send me during our engagement! Perhaps she wishes to punish me for my disobedience to her wishes. Well, *now* she will see who was right. I am drawing near her now. I am walking up from the railway-station at Lucerne. I am very joyful, as I march along under an umbrella, in the grand, broad shining of the summer afternoon. I think with pensive passion of the last glimpse I had of my beloved—her small and wistful face looking out from among the thick, fair fleece of her long hair—winking away her tears, and blowing kisses to me. It is a new sensation to me to have any one looking tearfully wistful over my departure. I draw near the great glaring Schweizerhof, with its colonnaded, tourist-crowded porch; here are all the pomegranates as I left them, in their green tubs, with their scarlet blossoms, and the dusty oleanders in a row. I look up at our windows. Nobody is looking out from them; they are open; and the curtains are alternately swelled out and drawn in by the softly-playful wind. I run quickly up-stairs, and burst noisily into the sitting-room. Empty, perfectly empty! I open the adjoining door into the bed-room, crying, "Elizabeth, Elizabeth!" but I receive no answer. Empty, too! A feeling of indignation creeps over me as I think, "Knowing the time of my return, she might have managed to be indoors." I have returned to the silent sitting-room, where the only noise is the wind still playing hide-and-seek with the curtains. As I look vacantly round, my eye catches sight of a letter lying on the table. I pick it up mechanically, and look at the address. Good heavens! what can this mean? It is my own, that I sent her two days ago, unopened, with the seal unbroken. Does she carry her resentment so far as not even to open my letters? I spring at the bell, and violently ring it. It is answered by the waiter who has always specially attended us.

"Is madame gone out?"

The man opens his mouth, and stares at me.

"Madame! Is monsieur, then, not aware that madame is no longer at the hotel?"

"*What?*"

"On the same day as monsieur, madame departed."

"'*Departed!*' Good God! what are you talking about?"

"A few hours after monsieur's departure—I will not be positive as to the exact time, but it must have been between one and two o'clock, as the mid-day *table d'hôte* was in progress—a gentleman came, and asked for madame—"

"Yes: be quick!"

"I demanded whether I should take up his card; but he said 'No,' that was unnecessary, as he was perfectly well known to madame; and in fact, a short time afterward, without saying anything to any one, she departed with him."

"And did not return in the evening?"

"No, monsieur: madame has not returned since that day."

I clench my hands in an agony of rage and grief. "So this is it! With that pure child-like face, with that divine ignorance, only three weeks married, this is the trick she has played me!" I am recalled to myself by a compassionate suggestion from the *garçon*:—

"Perhaps it was the brother of madame."

Elizabeth has no brother: but the remark brings back to me the necessity of self-command. "Very probably," I answer, speaking with infinite difficulty. "What sort of looking gentleman was he?"

"He was a very tall and dark gentleman with a most peculiar nose—not quite like any nose that I ever saw before—and most singular eyes. Never have I seen a gentleman who at all resembled him."

I sink into a chair, while a cold shudder creeps over me as I think of my poor child's dream, of her fainting fit at Wiesbaden, of her unconquerable dread of and aversion to my departure. And this happened twelve days ago! I catch up my hat, and prepare to rush like a madman in pursuit.

"How did they go?" I ask incoherently. "By train? driving? walking?"

"They went in a carriage."

"What direction did they take? Whither did they go?"

He shakes his head. "It is not known."

"It *must* be known!" I cry, driven to frenzy by every second's delay. "Of course the driver could tell. Where is he? where can I find him?"

"He did not belong to Lucerne, neither did the carriage: the gentleman brought them with him."

"But madame's maid," say I, a gleam of hope flashing across my mind; "did she go with her?"

"No, monsieur; she is still here; she was as much surprised as monsieur at madame's departure."

"Send her at once!" I cry eagerly; but, when she comes, I find that she can throw no light on the matter. She weeps noisily, and says many irrelevant things; but I can obtain no information from her beyond the fact that she was unware of her mistress's departure until long after it had taken place; when, surprised at not being rung for at the usual time, she had gone to her room, and found it empty, and on inquiring in the hotel, had heard of her sudden departure; that, expecting her to return at night, she had sat up waiting for her till two o'clock in the morning; but that, as I knew, she had not returned, neither had anything been heard of her.

Not all my inquiries, not all my cross-questionings of the whole staff of the hotel, of the visitors, of the railway-officials, of nearly all the inhabitants of Lucerne and its environs, procure me a jot more knowledge. On the next few weeks I look back as on a satanic and insane dream. I can neither eat nor sleep; I am unable to remain one moment quiet; my whole existence, my nights and my days are spent in seeking, seeking. Everything that human despair and frenzied love can do is done by me. I advertise, I communicate with the police, I employ detectives; but that fatal twelve-days' start forever baffles me. Only on one occasion do I obtain one tittle of information. In a village a few miles from Lucerne, the peasants, on the day in question, saw a carriage driving rapidly through their little street. It was closed, but through the windows they could see the occupants—a dark gentleman, with the peculiar physiognomy which has been so often described; and on the opposite seat a lady, lying apparently in a state of utter insensibility. But even this leads to nothing.

Oh, reader! these things happened twenty years ago. Since then I have searched sea and land; but never have I seen my little Elizabeth again.

BEAUTY AND THE BARBER.

I had just finished putting up my shutters; it was getting rather late—nearly ten o'clock, for I'd had a hard day's work of it; and no wonder; for it was the night of the Lord-lieutenant's ball. We think a good deal of the Lord-lieutenant down in Yorkshire; and when we get up a bit in the world, and get asked to his Lordship's ball, we think a deal of ourselves; and my word, some folk are a bit proud! Yes; that very day I had dressed the Misses Milliken's hair for the ball, pretty early, mind you, for I wouldn't put my old customers out of the way for any of your upstart people, seeing as I've dressed the hair of all the first families in Lydford, and my father before me, whereof no man knoweth to the contrary, as the lawyers say. Now, Milliken has drawn me many a gill of ale in the days when he kept the tap up Newsman's Yard, and has borrowed many a sixpence off me too—not but what he was welcome to them, as I told his Lord-ship when he came to ask me for my vote for the town-council. But that's neither here nor there. It isn't Milliken and such-like as I'd take the trouble to tell a story about. It was past nine, as I've told you, and I were putting up the shutters pretty smart, not being a thing I often do myself, but it so happened that night; and in another minute I should have been off to the White Horse, to meet one or two good fellows, who were in the habit of having a glass or two together of a night; but as I was screwing up the bar of the shutters, what should I see drawing up to my door but a splendid carriage and two beautiful horses, all of a lather with sweat! Well, that put me about a bit to think what a carriage should be doing at my door at this time of night; but I hadn't long to wonder, for a grave, tall, solemn-looking chap comes up to my door, and calls out: "Is Creecher here?"

"That's me," says I.

"Oh, then," says he, "jump in;" pointing with his finger to me to get up the steps of the carriage, where there was a tall flunky holding the door open for me. Well, that capped me still more. I've heard of things like that in story-books, and there's something very like it in the "Arabian Nights," where they seem to think a deal more of us barber chaps than they do in this country. But, then, this is a land of freedom. Well, as I was saying, this t'other chap kept motioning of me to get into the carriage, but, says I: "Master, where are you bound?"

"Oh, never you mind," says he; "you'll be well paid. Look sharp."

"But I'd like to beautify myself a bit," says I, "and I mun tell the missis."

With that he took up my hat that was lying on the counter, and bangs it on my head, and pushes me into the carriage, and away we went before you could say "Jack Robinson." And away we went. Eh, but we did go rarely! It were a dark night, and frosty; and we soon got out of the lights of the town, and still the horses galloped on; and I could see the stars twinkling overhead; and then it grew colder all of a sudden, and the windows of the carriage were covered with ice in a minute, and I could see nought but the inside, where I were sitting with a strange man. And he said never a word. But still we galloped on; and after a good bit, I heard the murmur and dash of a river hard by above the clatter of the hoofs, and we crossed a bridge, I think, for we went up and down for a minute, as if we had been in a swing. And then the sound of hoofs died away altogether, as if the horses were galloping over gravel or soft turf; and presently the carriage stopped all of a sudden. A footman stood at the door; the silent man jumped out. "Stay there!" he cried as he went, with a gesture of authority—"stay there!" And there I stayed, for I were cowed-like, with being carried off like that; and didn't know if my soul were my own. "What 'll the old woman say, though?" I thought to myself. The carriage moved on a bit, and stopped again.

"Now, then, my lad!" says the footman, opening the door.

But I weren't going to be ordered about by such cattle as he. Says I: "I'm on thy master's business, and if thou doesn't speak respectful, I'll smite thee in the ear-hole." It's well to stand on your dignity with those chaps, you see.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," says the man more respectful; "but will you step into the housekeeper's room?"

And with that I fell off the high-horse I'd been riding, for, to tell you the truth, I were thinking for awhile I were perhaps rightful son of a lord as had been stolen in his youth, and that they were taking me home to the halls of my fathers, and happen were going to marry me to the daughter of the usurper, to make all square. But says I: "I'll stick to the old woman." Not but what the flesh is treacherous, and happen I'd have changed my mind when I'd seen the young one. But, however, all that was knocked on the head when I heard the flunky tell me to go up to the housekeeper's room. It were only a dressing job, after all!

Well, before I'd got well inside the door, an old chap dressed in black catches hold of me by the elbow. "Creecher?" says he; "Creecher?"

"Yes, I'm Creecher," says I. "What's your pleasure?"

"Oh, you've to come this way d'rectly."

And away we went along passages, and up-stairs, and down-stairs; and presently we came to a broad corridor beautifully carpeted, and the old man tapped at a door, and a young woman opened it, and says she: "Is he here?" and the man says: "Yes." "Come in," she said: "my Lady will speak to you directly." And I went into a little room as was beautifully furnished with easy-chairs and sofeys, and all the luxuries of the season.

"Well, my dear," says I to the maid, "and so your missis is going to the ball. But it'll be well-nigh time to go home before she gets there."

"Hush!" she says, putting her finger to her lips; and then I began to think it was a death job as I had got on hand. I've had such jobs afore now, when the corpse has been young, and with beautiful hair. Ah, and many a time my fingers has itched, for, says I to myself, it's a pity such a sight of beautiful hair should go down to the worms, when it might be going on enjoying itself atop of some other young woman's head—ah, and I could tell you a tale or two about that. But it wasn't a job of that kind I found, as I heard somebody moving in the next room, and such a soft little moan, as it

went to my heart to hear it—ay, lad. And then somebody came out—a tall, splendid lady, dressed in black satin, as haughty as a queen.

"Creecher," she says, "are you Creecher? Don't speak, but listen to what I tell you. A lady has had an accident—has been severely burned. Remedies have been applied—plasters, what not. Her hair—"

"I understand, my Lady; you want me to take it off. I'll do it in a jiffy, if you'll lend me one of his Lordship's razors, for I was that hurried when I came away, I left mine behind me. I've got my scissors and comb, my Lady," says I, pulling 'em out, "because, as good luck would have it, I'd just cut a chap's hair as was going to fight next—"

"Silence!" she says, "Creecher!" looking at me quite disgusted; and beckoning the girl, she says: "Take the fire-shovel, and throw them things away." But I wasn't going to lose a good set of tools, so I claps 'em into my pocket, and buttons up my coat, and, says I: "Now, your Ladyship." And she says: "Amélie, throw something over the wretch." And with that Amélie brought a white gown with sleeves, as smelt as beautiful as a nosegay, and she wraps me up in it, and I caught a sight of myself in the glass, and, thinks I, you might take me for parson when he's agate at the seven commandments.

"Now," she says, "Creecher, hold your tongue, and listen to me. Whatever happens, she must not lose her hair; you understand, it must be saved at all hazards. Now, come, and do your duty."

Eh, but it were pitiful to see the poor lassie, half sitting, half lying, in a thing atween an easy-chair and a couch. All her face was covered over but her eyes, and they seemed to burn. Such sad, pitiful eyes I never saw before nor since. She'd had beautiful long hair, that came down to her knees a'most; but eh, it were in a tangle, all knotted and twisted, and ravelled together with the messes and poultices, and all kinds of things they'd put on her head. No, there wasn't a thread of it anywhere that wasn't bound up and twisted. Well, I looked at it, and I shook my head.

"My Lady," says I, "it would take me twelve hours' hard work, without stopping, to untwist all that hair."

"Well, then," she says to me, "why don't you begin?"

"But," says I, "your Ladyship, do you know what twelve hours is, sitting up with a man pulling away at your tangled hairs? Why, my Lady," I says, "I don't think as I could stand the job, as am hale and well; and as for the poor young lady there, why, bless your heart, it would kill her."

But her Ladyship took no notice of me. "Well," she says to the young lassie, "you hear what he says; are you ready to begin?"

And the lassie gave a little sigh, a heart-breaking little sigh, and she says in a feeble little voice: "Go on."

"But," says I, for I wanted to have an excuse to be off the job, "I wouldn't do it under a hundred pounds."

"Oh," says she, "then you shall have a hundred guineas."

That was a temptation, mind you, to a chap as wasn't much beforehand in the world, and hadn't ever had so much as ten pounds in his pocket at once all his life. But I was sorry I took the job after all.

"I must have my supper," I says, "first, and then think about it."

"Ring, Amélie," she says to the maid, "and order up a tray."

And a bang-up supper I had in the little sitting-room: a chicken and champagne, and what they call a cure-or-so, out of a brown jug; but I didn't think much o'that; and I'd sooner call it a kill-or-so, if I were giving it a name, for oh! it did make my head sing above a bit, and I only took about a gill of it, to see what it were like.

Well, when I'd done my supper, I were taken into the young lady's room, and I began the job. I took it up bit by bit, washed it in spirits of wine, combed it out hair by hair, and so I went on hour by hour. There was nought for it but patience and hard work. She seemed to doze a bit, the poor lass, ever and again; but, work as gently as I would, it must have given her a deal of pain. She'd sigh a little now and then, and give a little soft moan sometimes; but eh, she bore it all, all her weariness and pain, for all the suffering and trouble that were in her eyes—she bore it like an angel from Heaven. The old woman sat beside us for an hour, till she got so sleepy she couldn't keep her eyes open; and then she beckons to the maid to come and sit in her place, and she goes off to her comfortable bed, I suppose; and by-and-by the maid goes fast asleep, and everything seemed asleep but me and the lassie. There wasn't a sound but the wind soughing among the trees outside, and the murmur of the river falling over the weir.

Well, the job went on, and still as it went on the lassie seemed to grow weaker and weaker, and then a big awful fear came into my throat. She were dying under my hands.

Conscience says to me: "Joshua!" says she, "you're killing that nice fine young gal, you're killing her for a hundred guineas." "Hold thy tongue," I says. "It's no such thing. It's her mother's doing," says I. "If she be her mother, her breasts are as hard as adamant." But it were no use. Conscience has at me again. "Joshua!" she says, "it's you who are killing the poor lassie. If you were not at the job, they could get nobody else to do it. Joshua! throw thy comb and scissors into the fire."

"A'm dommed if I don't too!" says I, quite sudden like, and I pitches my things into the fire-place with a clatter as I thought'd wake up the maid, but she slept too sound. "There goes a hundred guineas," says I. But now ye should ha' seen the look as crept over the lassie's face when she saw what I were about. Her great eyes softened and filled with tears, and she put out a little white hand out of the wraps, and I took it in mine, and says I: "My dear, do you care so much about your hair, that you'd lose the beautiful life God Almighty's given you, and the sweet bright days that may follow?"

"Oh, but" she says, "mother!"

"Mother be ——?" Eh, I'm feared I said a bad word there. "Do *you* care?" says I, aye just like that—"do *you* care?" says I.

And she shook her head. Well, I picked up my scissors again, and in a jiffy all the beautiful hair was lying on the floor; and the poor head was dressed with soft dressing, and I'd waked the maid, and had her missie put to bed, right and tight, and then I gives her a kiss, *yes*, by ——, I did. I, Joshua Creecher, kissed the Lady Felicia Felixtowe, ay, and I says, God bless her, as if I'd been her father. And she called me as I was going away, and she says in a little whisper: "I've got no money; take the hair."

The maid let me out by the back staircase, without anybody hearing us; and away I went right over hill and dale, as tired and as happy as a man could be. But I were sorry about the hundred guineas too.

Well, it were about six months after that, a tall, nice-looking young chap came into my shop, and says he: "Creecher," says he, "have you got a nice plait of hair, real golden hair, as you could sell to a lady as is going to court?"

So says I, "Well, no;" for I never meant to sell the hair as the young lady gave me, never!

"Well, but," says he, "you haven't sold it, have you?"

"What business is it of yours?" says I.

"My dear," says he, running out to the carriage, "it's gone!"

"Oh, Creecher, how could you?" she says, looking out of the window a little bit put out, but so sweet, too, bless her pretty face! Ay, it was Lady Felicia herself, as bonny as a fairy!

"Why, your Ladyship!" says I. "Well, I'm pleased to see you. Bless you! I've kept your hair for you, my dear, and I've done it all up in the most beautiful way. Come in, my Lord," says I.

"Oh, I'm not a lord," says he; "I'm only plain Jack Thompson of the Holt;" and says he: "Creecher, I owe her to you, my boy."

"Why, how's that?" says I.

Says he: "The Dook of Dovercourt were wild to have her, and they say he'd asked Lord Cromer, her father, for her the very night she was burned: but when he heard she'd lost her hair, and was likely to be disfigured, he cried off, else they'd have forced her into it; but then I stepped in and carried her away."

"Ay," says I, "and much joy I wish you, Colonel Thompson," says I; "and hope you'll accept this hair, sir, as a wedding-present."

"All right!" he says, "Creecher;" but he left a bit of paper on my counter. It was a check for a hundred guineas.

So I didn't lose by the job, after all. And the carriage comes for me every fortnight, to take me to the Holt, to do the hair of the young people there; but they come so fast that I say they'll overmaster me.

From the Philadelphia Inquirer.

THE EQUINE PESTILENCE.

The new and singular epizootic disease which lately attracted our attention at the supposed safe distance of the Canadian Dominion, has crossed the border and rapidly spread over the northern portion of the Union, travelling with unexampled rapidity, and attacking its victims with startling virulence. It has already reached our neighboring city, New York, where, although domiciliated but a few hours, it is estimated that seven thousand horses have already been subjected to the infection. In its serious consequences to business interests by threatening the complete stoppage of all industry wherein that valuable animal shares, it cannot but be regarded with apprehension by the commercial community as capable of producing the direst effects upon trade. Judging from its rapid movement and present nearness we can hardly, in this city, hope entirely to escape a visitation from the unwelcome epizootic, and it behooves us to make inquiry into the nature, treatment and means of prevention of this dreadful equine malady, lest we too be subjected to the dire results as have afflicted our sister cities. The following facts will give our readers some ideas of the character and spread of the disease, as well as the most plausible plans of prevention and treatment.

It is curious to trace the track of the pestilence from its first advent in Buffalo, Rochester and Niagara down to Albany and Troy, where it has been raging during the past week. Swiftly and surely it has followed the course of the Hudson, leaving its traces in the towns and hamlets, and finally appearing in the closely confined limits of New York. The contagious qualities of the disease are so violent that within twenty-four hours from the time the first symptoms of sickness were noticed, in one large stable one thousand horses under the same roof were similarly affected.

The disease appears to have appeared first in New York in magnitude on Monday afternoon, although there were some few cases of earlier date.

It is not confined to any particular class of horses, but all stables have been visited by the disease, from the squalid shed that shelters the poor laborer's ill-fed horse to the palace of the thoroughbred.

NATURE OF THE DISEASE.

The disease appears to be a catarrhal fever, the result of some atmospheric influence, as is shown by its sudden appearance over a large extent of country, attacking all kinds of horses, old and young, in good condition or poor. The premonitory symptoms are dulness, a staring coat, a watery discharge from the nose, speedily followed by a severe hacking cough; the pulse is quickened and the mouth hot, the nasal membranes are injected, and the ears and legs are unnaturally cold; the discharge from the nose increases and becomes of a greenish-yellow color; the breathing is increased, and in some cases labored and severe.

The husky, dry cough, and the watery discharge, like tears from the eyes, seem to be the premonitory signs of the disease. Some persons of experience among horses believe it to be of the same nature, but a mild type, of a disease which visited the country in 1854-55, and which was then called typhoid pneumonia.

DIFFERENT PLANS OF TREATMENT.

Of course, numerous and often diametrically opposite plans of treatment are suggested for the disease, but the following may be cited as worthy of consideration:—Some veterinary surgeons, considering it simply a mild form of catarrhal fever, avoid heroic remedies and use a mild treatment, holding that bleeding and nauseous physic-balls are not only unnecessary but dangerous, and that it is also foolish to give a horse a drench in such a case, as his head has to be thrown back in an unnatural position, and it would probably cause a violent fit of coughing.

Saline remedies are advised, such as chlorate of potash or muriate of ammonia. Tar, dissolved with fluid extract of belladonna, would also have a soothing effect to the throat, and a strong liniment well rubbed into the throat is recommended.

The horse's feed should be sparse in quantity, wet and of a laxative character.

In some stables homœopathy is practised, and again, in other cases, a solution of tar, alcohol and belladonna is injected into the mouth, and strong liniments applied to the throat. Tar appears to be a favorite remedy, and is administered in various forms.

PREVENTATIVE PRECAUTIONS.

When the animal shows symptoms of illness, rest and protection from cold by blankets and a comfortable stable seems to be rational treatment. Hot bran-mashes tend to keep the system open, which is also rational. Keeping the mouth and nostrils clear of foul matter discharged from the head by sponging is regarded with favor. Some resort to steaming the head of the animal, and appear to be tolerably successful. Others protest against this treatment. All seem to concur in the opinion that the sick horse should have absolute rest.

Although this disease must necessarily prove a great loss and annoyance to the community generally, it is not believed to be of a very fatal character where ordinary care and rational treatment are adopted. In several instances the attack has been severe, but generally increased by overwork or some other debilitating influence.

As the disease will run a certain course, affected animals should be carefully used and allowed plenty of pure air, with a liberal diet of nourishing and easily digested food. The stables should be well aired daily and thoroughly ventilated, and it is also advisable to use disinfectants, as the chloride of lime or carbolic acid. When the throat is very sore, causing a difficulty in swallowing, a mild embrocation should be applied, and the fever allayed by mild febrifuge medicine.

We find in the Buffalo Commercial a letter from Dr. Elliot, of St. Catherine's, Lake Ontario, which contains the following suggestions—

Let the stable be well ventilated, the horses blanketed, and chloride of lime sprinkled through the stable every morning. The nostrils should be sponged out two or three times a day if the mucous adheres thereto. The food should consist of bran with a little oats, and a moderate quantity of hay. If the bowels are costive, a half pint of raw linseed oil may be given, but it is probable that the mash will cause sufficient relaxation.

Prescription No. 2 (given below) should be administered every morning and evening. If the throat should be sore—which can be ascertained by pressure of the hand upon the larnyx—about two tablespoonfuls of prescription No. 1 (also given below) should be rubbed in. So long as the disease is confined to the larnyx there is very little danger, but should it descend to the lungs—which will be indicated by the continued standing up of the animal, cold extremities and labored breathing—a half pound of mustard should be mixed with two ounces of turpentine and water to the consistency of thick cream, and the mixture rubbed well in behind the forelegs or over the region of the lungs. The legs should be bandaged, if cold. If the pulse should be over fifty-five per minute, fifteen drops of Fleming's tincture of aconite should be given every two hours, and if the breathing continues laborious and the pulse grows more rapid, apply the mustard again, and give one-and-a-half drachms of calomel for two mornings. The following are the prescriptions referred to:

PRESCRIPTION NO. 1.

Linseed oil, 1½ oz.; turpentine, 1½ oz.; liquor ammonia fort, 1 oz. Mix all together in a four-ounce bottle, and apply to the throat, if you think it necessary to do so.

PRESCRIPTION NO. 2.

Nitrate potash, 1½ oz.; tartarized antimony, 1½ oz.; digitalis, ½ oz. Pulverize all together and make twelve powders; give one morning and night. If they are not very bad you might omit the last ingredient—namely, digitalis.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The horse disease has spread rapidly and widely in New York city and State, and New England, and has appeared in Northern New Jersey. In Buffalo, where the epidemic made its first appearance on this side of the Canadian boundary, it has fortunately run its course, and business has been resumed. In Rochester the disease seems to be at its height. In New York city, Brooklyn and Boston, the interruption to business and travel causes great embarrassment and privation in many quarters. So far, no cases of the disease have appeared in this city.

Hon. Felix Brunot, Chairman, and Thomas H. Cree, Secretary of the Board of Indian Commissioners, have returned to Washington. Mr. Brunot has made a four months' tour in Montana, Idaho, Wyoming and Colorado. They make a very favorable report of Indian affairs in the Northwest. The Piegans, Bloods and Blackfeet are so thoroughly subdued by kindness that it is now safe for whites to travel unarmed in any part of their territory. The Shoshone and Bannock Indians of Idaho and Wyoming are beginning to farm. The Shoshones have ceded by treaty to the United States 800,000 acres of their reservation, including Hamilton City, the Sweetwater, Gold Belt and extensive farming and grazing lands, which will be open to settlement when Congress shall ratify the treaty. The reports of Indian hostilities in Utah are pronounced mostly fabrications, and the Utes of Colorado and New Mexico are said to be desirous of continued peace. The Commissioners say that most of the reports of Indian disturbances on the frontier are originated either to secure the presence of troops to consume superabundant crops, "or for the accomplishment of political purposes."

The New York Herald publishes a special despatch from Berlin, to the effect that the Board of Jurisconsults, to whom the Northwest boundary dispute between the United States and Great Britain had been referred by the arbitrator, the Emperor of Germany, has decided in favor of the United States, and that the written judgment only awaits the signature of the Emperor William to give it force and effect. Under this reported decision the boundary line will run through the middle of the Canal De Haro, giving the well-known island of San Juan and other islands to the United States. The report that the Emperor of Germany had laid down a compromise boundary line is incorrect, as by the thirty-fourth article of the Treaty of Washington, he was only authorized to decide between the line of the Canal De Haro and that of the Rosario Strait.

The complete official returns of the Indiana election, give Hendricks, Democrat, for Governor, 1148 majority. The Republican candidates for the other State offices receive majorities ranging from 275 to 1503. Orth and Williams, Republicans, are elected Congressmen at large, the former by 162, and the latter by 533 majority. Seven of the Congressional districts are Republican, three Democratic, and one Liberal. The total vote for Governor was 377,700, an increase of 35,000 in four years. The Straightout Democratic ticket received "about 130 votes in the entire State."

The full official returns of the Pennsylvania election, as reported from Harrisburg, give Hartranft, for Governor, 35,627 majority; Allen, for Auditor General, 36,780; and Mercur, for Judge of the Supreme Court, 40,433. The average Republican majority for Congressmen at large is 45,906. The aggregate vote cast for Governor, including 1259 for the Temperance candidate, was 672,406.

One million pounds of wheat have been shipped from Colorado to Eastern cities this fall, and large purchases are being made by parties from Kansas and Missouri. Heretofore Colorado has largely imported flour and grain from the East. It is also stated that the movement of beef cattle from Denver to St. Louis is beyond the capacity for transportation of the Kansas Pacific Railroad.

Ems, the famous German resort for gamblers, has been deprived of its attractions for this class of visitors, the "establishment" having been closed by the Government. The profits of the bank during the past season amounted to $325,000. The "establishments" or legalized gambling houses at Baden Baden and Nauheim will be closed on October 31st; those at Wiesbaden and Hombourg upon December 31st.

Theophilus Gautier, the celebrated French poet, novelist and newspaper contributor, died in Paris, October 23d. He was born August 31st, 1811, at Tarbes, in the south of France, and graduated at the College Charlemagne, Paris. He at first attempted to become an artist and painter, but failing in his early attempts, he turned his attention to literature. In 1830 he published a volume of poetry, which was followed by more ambitious works in verse. Gautier was a most prolific author, composing with great facility novels, plays and works of travel, and writing essays and criticisms for the newspapers.

BASE BALL.

ATHLETIC VS. BOSTON.

The first game of the tournament at Philadelphia was played Oct. 19, between the Athletic and the Boston, and resulted in a victory for the former. The score was as follows:

Boston	1	1	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	—5
Athletic	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	3	0	—3

BOSTON VS. MUTUAL.

The second tournament game of base ball in Philadelphia, was played Oct. 21, the contestants being the Mutuals, of New York, and the Red Stocking club, of Boston. The latter club won easily in a game of eight innings, as the following score will show:

Boston	1	3	7	1	4	0	0	3	—19
Mutual	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	—7

ATHLETIC VS. MUTUAL.

The third tournament game of base ball was played Oct. 22, between the Athletic and the Mutual. The Athletic came off victors. The score was as follows:

Athletic	2	0	0	3	0	0	0	1	0—6
Mutual	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	1—3

MUTUAL VS. BALTIMORE.

The ninth game of the championship series was played Oct. 19, between the Baltimores and Mutuals of New York. Score:

Mutuals	1	0	0	3	0	3	0	0	0—5
Baltimores	1	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1—3

OLD ATLANTICS VS. RED STOCKINGS.

The Atlantics defeated the Red Stockings Oct. 23, by a score of 12 to 10. The game was between the old Atlantic and Red Stocking nines, and for the benefit of the mother of a drowned member of the new Atlantic.

YELLOW.

Yellow has been for many years greatly and most unjustly despised. It is one of the finest of colors, with many exquisitely beautiful shades, and only when too pure is it unmanageable.

The cold, pale primrose, that shines like a light in the hedge-rows, may be massed about a young face with impunity. The dandelion must be used only in single vivid spots of flame. An older face must be more gently dealt with, by a brownish-yellow. The brunette may wear a green-yellow, and be all the better for it. Only pure chrome or mustard-color is intolerable by day; and even that, by gas or candle-light, is so much softened and paled that it becomes perfectly permissible in a dress. Orange, however, in large masses should be generally avoided, except in soft, dull materials.

Yellows of some shades are the most suitable of all colors to place near the face, so good is the effect on the complexion: they make the skin look fairer than it really is, and of course, enhance the blues and pinks. What is called buff, a somewhat dull, tawny, or warm yellow, is one of these. We all know how beautiful is the effect of yellow hair when it occurs, which is not often, certainly; and how finely a bit of this color lightens and vivifies a picture. I have in my mind at this moment two instances of this—the flowing hair of the Magdalen at the foot of the cross, in one of Rubens's paintings in the Antwerp Gallery; and that of a figure in a picture by John Bellini, a wondrous work at Venice. The girl's hair is golden, with a ripple in it, and her eyes are large, haunting, pellucid brown.

Yellow was a favorite color with most of the old masters. Many early painters reproduce again and again pet draperies of shot yellow and green, yellow and red, etc. Paul Veronese has a *penchant* for a certain yellow shot with pink, which is extremely beautiful. Rubens often puts in a mass of deep yellow in a curtain or garment in his pictures with singularly good effect; and many other instances might be given. Vandyck is fond of a rich shade, almost the color of ale, which seems to go well with verything.

Yellow also goes pleasantly with a number of colors. A pale, dull-blue is one; but pure blue and pure yellow are very harsh together. Plum, salmon, maroon, sage, also mix well with yellow. Primrose tint may be carefully mingled with pale-rose; but the more vivid a color is, the more care is needed in mixing it with others without a jar. *One out of two colors should always be dull and not too pure;* this is not generally known, or it is forgotten, and the result is the coarse and vulgar contrasts that we see around us. Ambers of all shades are exceedingly good and becoming.

☞ Why was Robinson Crusoe unable to get up an oyster-stew? Because he hadn't the skill-it required.

☞ The St. Charles Herald tells of a lady, in Plainview, who returned money to her husband after being out shopping. Don't believe a word of that yarn.

☞ The Danbury News laments because the illusions of its youth have departed, and it has learned by sad experience that four-fifths of the American people spell copy with two ps.

☞ In Scotland the miners are a curious set of fellows, and not a particle like the miners of America. Those of one of the towns recently voluntarily refused an offered advance of a shilling a day, because since the last increase of their wages the coalmasters have added to the price of coal seven shillings per ton! In the circumstances—the men being unwilling to underlie the imputation of having unduly raised the price of coal—they unanimously agreed to a resolution to the effect "That the masters be asked to take the last advance off the price of coal, and take back the shilling?" You would never hear of an American miner doing anything of that sort.

☞ Philadelphia's new custom, that "when a visitor calls and finds the family out, he is requested to write his name in a handsome visiting book," is not everywhere accepted as a good thing. An exchange objects to it after this fashion: "This is well enough for most people; but the wealthy do not care to be thus careless with their autographs. Again, there are people in the higher circles, the Shoddys, for instance—who have not the necessary time and ability to write their names. And there are some people who have to have an introduction to their name every time it is necessary for them to recognize it. The visiting book is, after all, either a resurrection in a mild form of the venerable album or an invention of counting-house people, who know that they outshine everybody else in the great work of making autographs. Let it be voted down."

☞ A tailor, speaking of the Winter fashions, says, very correctly: "There is not much *change* in gentlemen's pants this month."

☞ The era before tight-lacing was practised by ladies is said to have been the "pre-hysterio" period.

☞ A paper advertises for "girls for cooking."

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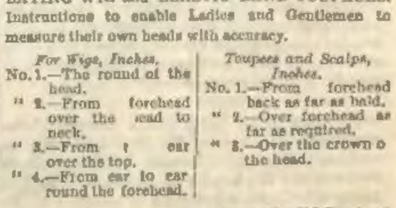

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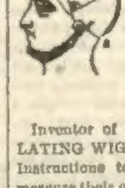

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WIT AND HUMOR.

BOGGS'S GARDENING.

The "Fat Contributor" says:—We have recently moved into a new house, and yesterday morning my wife, Mrs. Boggs, asked me if I thought I could get the roses for the front yard. Told her I knew a man who had got a lot of early rose potatoes, but it wasn't the right time of year for getting them out. (I have an idea that ground is much better employed in raising a potato than in raising a flower, unless it be a barrel of flour.) Wife said I hadn't a bit of taste. She then gave me a memorandum of roses she wanted. I was busy all day, but just as I was about taking a car for home, I thought of the roses. I referred to the memoranda and found the following:

"Get a few geraniums, fuschias, heliotropes, roses, bourbon, running rose, 'Prairie Queen,' golden tea-plant, vines, English ivy, 'Wandering Jew,' seeds, etc."

I studied it hard, but it was slightly incomprehensible. She had evidently got things mixed up. However, I went to a florist's and told him what I wanted. Said I,

"Give me a few geraniums, and a few shes, and—"

"A few what?" asked the flower-man, looking puzzled.

"A few shes," said I, turning very red, I know, for I couldn't tell for the life of me, what my wife wanted of a few shes about the place, as she could never live in the same house with another woman.

As the florist looked more staggered than ever, I handed him the memorandum, when he burst into a loud laugh.

"Why, man," he cried, "it's fuschias she wants?"

And then roared again.

"Well, whatever it is, give me a couple of yards of it anyhow, front and back yard, too."

You see I was mad.

I got the things the memorandum seemed to call for, at the various places, and went home.

"Here, Mrs. Boggs," said I, testily, "are the things for your front yard."

"Why, what is this?" she cried, as I thrust a two-gallon jug upon her among other things.

"Bourbon, my dear. I found it on the memorandum. Pretty thing to set out in the front yard, though. How long do you s pose it'll stay there, with the neighbors we've got?"

"Boggs, you are a fool. That item was a 'Bourbon Rose.' But what is this nasty little book?" holding up a dime novel, with a highly-colored title-page, representing a gorgeous squaw on a fiery and untamed mustang.

"That? Why you ordered it, didn't you? That is 'Running Rose; or, The Prairie Queen,' one of Beadle's best."

My wife carried it at arms length, and threw it into the stove. Then she took the jug of Bourbon and emptied it into the back gutter. While she was gone, I concealed Alexander Dumas's "Wandering Jew," which I also had purchased, for I began to see that I had made a terrible blunder in filling that order. (I have since ascertained that "Wandering Jew" is the name of a vine, but how was I expected to know all about it?)

AN IMPORTANT QUESTION.

The funny man of the Philadelphia Dispatch thus advises a correspondent:—

"A young man addresses to us some lines entitled 'Shall I Kiss my Love on her Rosy Cheeks?' We do not know what he means by propounding this question to us. If he desires our permission to kiss his love, it is granted. We can have no possible objection. We approve of it, in fact. We would probably kiss her ourselves, if we had a chance. At the same time it would be judicious for the poet to interview his love's mother upon the subject beforehand, or else to turn down the gas in the parlor very low prior to the act. And if we might be permitted to throw out a kind of a general suggestion, as it were, upon the subject, we would darkly hint that perhaps if he would kiss her upon the lips instead of her rosy cheeks, she could, in a certain sense, we may say, better lend some assistance, and he would run a smaller risk of getting his mouth full of carmine. We do not generally encourage poets to write to us; but we shall be glad if this one will drop a line to inform us if all went well, and whether he prefers that kind of amusement as a steady thing to attending the circus."

HOW PROFESSOR PLANTAMOUR HAS INTERFERED WITH OUR ENGAGEMENTS.

Professor Plantamour is at his prophesying again. He, it will be remembered, prophesied that the world was to be destroyed on the 12th of last August. That prediction not proving an eminent success, he now proposes to prove to the Academy of Paris, that the sun is becoming rapidly played out, and that we will all be frozen to death on the 10th of July, 2011. We receive this information with sincere sorrow, as we had made an engagement to go hunting during the entire month of July, 2011. As we have provided ourselves with a complete hunter's outfit, we are ready to dispose of it at a sacrifice to any one who intends going hunting earlier than 2011. If Plantamour had only given us private information of the coming cool time, we might have disposed of that hunting outfit without loss; but as we are all to be frozen to death in one hundred and thirty-nine years from now, hunting implements won't be in demand. These scientific men are always interfering with our little arrangements.

A DARKEY'S LOGIC.

In Mr. John Heath's family were the old slaves Cuff and Cate, and one Primus, of whom various anecdotes are related. Mr. Heath, who was fond of quizzing Primus, asked him one day which was the heavier, a pound of lead or a pound of feathers. "A pound of lead," said Primus, promptly. "Course a pound of lead is de heaviest." A laugh ensued at Primus's expense. "Don't you b'lieve it, massa? You go stick your head in de fireplace, and let Primus go atop de house and drap a pound of fedders and a pound ob lead down de chimney on your head; den see which is de heaviest."

A GENEROUS OFFER.

An enterprising Philadelphia editor makes the following liberal offer:

"I will give a year's scholarship in the State Reform School, for the biggest lie that will be sent to me before Christmas next. It must be strong enough to blister at the touch, over sixteen feet square, and slick enough to go down most people's throats. I want something of the most imposing architectural proportions. No auctioneers need apply. Whatever you do, do your best. I don't think there are enough Wash Georgingtons running about now'days with their little hatchets to interfere materially with this enterprise."

A STONY HILL party has a rooster whose wings are silvered by the frosts of thirteen winters. Its head is almost bald, and about its neck are the marks of the fingers of the many who have attempted to adapt it to the pot by wringing its head off. The aged grandsire, the man in his prime, and the prattling child have each taken a hand at that rooster, but it is no go. As soon as it is dropped, it shakes its head, winks a few times, and steps off with a martial tread, licking its chops, and appearing to consider the whole affair in the very best light.

THE CHILDREN IN THE MOON.

A SCANDINAVIAN BALLAD.

Hearken, child, unto a story!
For the moon is in the sky,
And across her shield of silver,
See! two tiny cloudlets fly.

Watch them closely, mark them sharply,
As across the light they pass—
Seem they not to have the figures
Of a little lad and lass?

See, my child, across their shoulders
Lies a little pole! and, lo!
Yonder speck is just the bucket,
Swinging softly to and fro.

It is said, these little children,
Many and many a Summer night,
To a little well far northward
Wandered in the still moonlight.

To the wayside well they trotted,
Filled their little buckets there,
And the Moon-man, looking downward,
Saw how beautiful they were.

Quoth the man, "How vexed and sulky
Looks the rosy little boy!
But the little handsome maiden
Trips behind him full of joy.

"To the well behind the hedgerow
Trot the little lad and maiden;
From the well behind the hedgerow
Now the little pail is laden.

"How they tempt me! how they please me!
Shall I snatch them up to-night?
Snatch them, set them here forever
In the middle of my light?

"Children, ay, and children's children
Should behold my babes on high,
And my babes should smile forever,
Calling others to the sky!"

Thus the philosophic Moon-man
Muttered many years ago,
Set the babes with pole and bucket,
To delight the folks below.

Never is the bucket empty,
Never are the children old;
Ever when the moon is shining
We the children may behold.

Ever young and ever little,
Ever sweet and ever fair!
When thou art a man, my darling,
Still the children will be there!"

Ever young and ever little,
They will smile when thou art old!
When thy locks are thin and silver
Theirs will still be shining gold.

They will haunt you from their Heaven,
Softly beckoning down the gloom—
Smiling in eternal sweetness
On thy cradle, on thy tomb!

Leaves from a Pocket Diary.

No. 42.

A DASH FOR LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CAPTAIN CARNES.

I was out in —— during the wild times there a number of years ago. I think there must have been five or six hundred of us in and about S——. We were surrounded on all sides by bushwhackers. Outrages of every possible kind were of daily occurrence, and many a brave fellow met his death in attempting, with others, to break up the camps of these daring outlaws. Came near losing my life? Yes, more than once. And I particularly recall one time, of which I will tell you.

We had a small, resolute company of men, made desperate by repeated wrongs, who banded themselves together for the determined purpose of fierce warfare.

Almost every movement was watched, but Sheldrie Day, our captain, was as keen as the sharpest of them; so when an old farmer came in with his wagon filled with greenstuff and covered with straw, Day watched his chance and succeeded in starting him homeward with a load of rifles under the straw.

Toward nightfall one man straggled off whistling in one direction, with his hands in his pockets, and another went another way. Our rendezvous was Deury's Forks, a lonesome piece of country, where the roads branched off in several directions.

When we had once got fairly beyond the limits haunted by spies, we mended our pace, and men were soon coming in from all directions upon the run, ready to seize their weapons and go whither Captain Day might lead.

We shaped our course in a southwesterly direction, and made what speed the tall, tangled, bothersome prairie grass would allow.

We surprised the camp at supper, and a fierce hand to hand fight ensued. The bushwhackers were finally routed; but somehow I became separated from the rest, and two or three of the ruffians, discovering my situation, bore down upon me, and in spite of my frantic efforts, captured me and continued on the retreat. My company probably did not at first discover my absence, as it was quite dark, and so I was left to the tender mercies of a gang of cut-throats.

With no delicate touch they seized upon me and securely bound my hands, and advised me with the cold lips of a revolver to keep quiet; they then dashed away toward a village some miles distant, where their headquarters were, or rather where the prison was located.

Without a "by your leave," I was thrust into a damp, dark, underground apartment, whose only aperture for light and air was a grated hole which just rose above the ground level. I gathered myself up in a heap and looked my situation squarely in the face. I knew these outlaws well. I had nothing to expect but to be dragged forth during the night and hanged upon the first projection which offered sufficient support for my weight. I was too well known as first lieutenant of the K—— Regulars to hope for mercy. My companions would doubtless think that I had fallen, and leave me to my fate.

Worn out with hard work and care I fell asleep, from which delightful rest I was awakened by a soft, rasping noise close to me.

"Rats," I mentally commented, and turned over.

"Hist," said a voice by the window, or grated opening, "are you awake?"

I answered in the affirmative, and immediately brought my face to the aperture.

"Be quiet," said the voice. "The guard is pacing not ten yards from here, but the darkness is favorable. Get this iron bar between the rods and wrench carefully toward you. I have straightened out the ends that were clenched upon this side." I carefully seized upon the iron bar thrust in to me, and inserting the end under the first rod gradually started it.

"Hist! the guard is coming this way; wait until he returns to the front." The guard clanked by, starting the sweat from every pore of my body, as I expected the man to stumble upon my helper outside.

"Be quick," resumed the voice at the grating again. "He will return in just twenty minutes, for I have marked his beats, and—quick."

One after the other of the bars was dropped from its place, and then by reaching my hands out through, and by dint of using my shoeless feet against the wall, I struggled, and was drawn through the aperture where a large man must have hopelessly strangled himself. Not a moment too soon, either, for the guard turned the corner toward us the moment after we had crouched behind the wall.

He heard nothing, and went back. We sprang up, and catching by the top of the high fence swung ourselves outside.

THE HEIGHT OF COMMERCIAL PROSPERITY.

"Oh, I want to buy another of those pretty teapots, like the one I bought last week, you know!"

"Shure an' we've given up keepin' them intirely, my lady! For as soon as iver we got them in, we sold them out!"

"The only thing that I could get," said Dave, cautioning me in a whisper to beware of the vicious old mule's heels. "Now, look sharp, don't take the Red Forks, nor the main route that leads to the court-house. There are four roads by the Live Oaks, all running west, you know them, mind you don't take the third one—that leads right into the camp of the outlaws, but the fourth takes you down among our boys—the regs. Mind it well, and ride carefully, while I try to take up the attention of the sentinel."

I mounted in a heterogeneous manner, the old mule refusing to remain sufficiently stationary for me to seat myself in a civilized fashion.

Ride carefully? That was one of Dave's best jokes perpetrated at my expense. For the heels of that vicious brute beat the sod with all the regularity of the sticks of a drum major, and with considerable more force and effect. But, at last, I persuaded him with my heels to move on, not until I had heard the sentinel brawling with Dave, who personated a drunken man with great zeal and eminent success.

I got out of—— as soon as the stiff knees of my old beast would let me, but became so confused owing to the contrariness of the animal, that I was not quite clear as to directions.

The stars broke out through the clouds, and so I passed the Red Forks, and the main route leading to the court-house safely, but when I came to the Live Oaks I was out. To this day I don't know how it happened. I certainly turned into the third road, and then relaxed my vigilance, and pictured how surprised the boys would be. Three-quarters of a mile, and there was their camp-fire glaring. I wouldn't about to apprise them of my coming; they were for the most part asleep; and so spurring my steed after the most approved Daniel Tucker style, I dashed forward into *the camp of bushwackers*, a detachment of whose very number had carried me to prison in a ——, few hours before.

Picture my emotions. Had I had a good horse, I should have made a dash for it, while they were petrified with amazement; but my treacherous old beast refused to move forward or back. Just then, couldn't I have shouted with Richard, "My kingdom for a horse?" Well, they had me, more's the pity, seeing that nearly all of them were drunk, and the rest unsteady in their joints. Maybe they made me the butt of a few thick jokes as they pulled me from the old mule's back, and bound my hands, making the rope fast to a stump, and setting a thick, rough fellow to guard me. I was so palsied by the mistake which I had made, that I offered no resistance, which fact, no doubt, was much in my favor.

Ere long my guard began to snore. I then cautiously worked my hands, and found to my joy that I could strain upon the knots and slip my hands through. I next made some slight movements, which I found did not arouse the sentinel.

The fire was dying down, and flickering, and I knew that it must be within an hour or two of daylight. I crawled past my guard; keeping well in the shadow, I made for the horses of the party. When close up to them, I suddenly rose upright and snatched up a picket-pin, seized the halter, and vaulted upon the back of a powerful horse. Moving him out from the others made them uneasy. They stamped and pawed, and when, with a rap of my heel as a spur, we dashed for the cover of the woods, two or three shrill neighs alarmed the camp.

I was in for it now. Life or death depended upon the events of the next fifteen minutes. I dashed into the thick, tangled woods. Utter darkness reigned. In five minutes I was unhorsed, but, holding to the halter, I leaped on again, and madly dashed forward to life or death.

What a ride that was! Without bridle or saddle I rode, and kept dashing full tilt against the wild-grape vines everywhere strung across the way, while they, catching under my chin, swept me off over the horse's back into the brush, from which I scrambled with perspiration oozing from every pore, and mounted again. Continually listening toward the rear, I had reason to wish that my eyes and nose and general cast of countenance had been insured against accidents. Now, a dead branch caught in a corner of my mouth, spoiling the symmetry of my facial muscles; again, I took a bramble in the throat, or across the head, which caused a grand meteoric display before my eyes.

But I escaped. The very dangers which beset my path saved me. The half-drunken rangers lacked ambition to follow me.

I got through with that seventeen miles' ride somehow, coming out scratched and bleeding, but alive. Out on the plains, some five miles from L——, I ran upon the remains of a mule-train that had thought to bring in provision. The drivers lay around murdered, the carts plundered and broken, and one boy of fourteen with his scalp clean gone, lay on the ground, yet alive. I got him up before me, and carried him into S——. Talk of frontier life; its wild, reckless excitement gives a man not the least chance for sober, calm reasoning.

"But did the boy live?"

"Bob? Oh, yes, and afterward went into the army, and fought against the Indians."

"Without his scalp?"

"Yes, *sir*;" and thereby escaped much trouble, you understand. Pass us a cigar."

☞ A servant girl in Newark named Bridget Reagan was arrested on Thursday for pilfering, and when searched, six pounds of butter, with a piece of ice, and seven pounds of sugar were found secreted in her bustle.

AT EVENING TIME.

The old nest swings on the leafless tree,
The red sun sets in the west;
I think that like two brown birds are we,
Left last in the empty nest.

All the young ones are afar and away,
Each sings with his chosen mate;
Twilight is closing our lightsome day,
Though the crimson flush lasts late.

'Tis a trembling step comes down the path
You could erst so lightly tread;
Changed is our thought of the grave old earth
That is keeping in trust our dead.

Oh, comely face, that I knew so fair!
Soft cheeks, that are sunken now,
I love the gray in your faded hair,
The lines on your thoughtful brow.

The past grows a book to understand,
The future has gifts to bring,
As I sit by the fire and hold your hand,
And finger the worn gold ring.

My own true wife, who is dearer now
For all that the years resign—
For the timid love, for the spoken vow,
For the home that was yours and mine;

For hopes wasshared, and for tears we shed,
For comfort in days o'ercast;
For the trust that we hold to meet our dead
When the shades of life are past.

Griefs that are over left us a gift,
They lit us a lamp of light;
Soon shall God's sunshine clear through the lift,
And there shall be no more night.

Close to my side, dear wife that I love,
With your thin hand fast in mine;
So will we wait for the light above,
Till the morning star shall shine.

Beauty and Happiness.

Ruskin says:—"Do not think you can make a girl lovely if you do not make her happy. There is not one restraint you put on, a good girl's nature—there is not one shock you give to her instincts of affection or effort—which will not be indelibly written on her features with a hardness which is all the more painful, because it takes away the brightness from the eyes of innocence, and the charm from the brow of virtue. The perfect loveliness of a woman's countenance can only consist in the majestic peace which is founded in the memory of happy and useful years—full of sweet records, and from the joining of this with the yet majestic childishness which is still full of change and promise, opening always modest at once and bright with hope of better things to be won, and to be bestowed. There is no old age where there is still that promise—it is eternal youth."

A Custom of the "Good Old Times."

It is pleasant in any event to be assured that we are a good deal better as well as wiser than our ancestors. Hark to what used to be the fashion, according to Mr. Herbert Spencer in the Contemporary Review: He describes the time when men took drugs to increase their desire for wine; when glasses were so shaped that they had to be held until emptied; when a man was reckoned as a "two-bottled man," a "three-bottled man," &c.; and when (Mr. Spencer might have added) one of the first of Scottish nobles employed a domestic whose sole duty it was to sit under the table and loosen the neck-cloths of the guests, as they fell from their chairs, in order that they might not suffocate in their drunken sleep. Imagine such a state of affairs at a Philadelphia dinner-party. Intoxication used to be a mark of honor. It is now a disgrace.

☞ The Louisville Courier-Journal speaks of a well-known newspaper man as an assistant idiot on the ——.

Answers to Correspondents.

PAY YOUR POSTAGE.—Authors and others often send us letters and manuscripts not fully paid. In these cases the Department here enforces *double* rates on the deficiency—which we either have to pay, or to decline receiving the letters or manuscripts. Authors will also bear in mind that the Department now requires letter postage on all manuscripts—therefore it is often cheaper, as it is always safer, to send large packages by express.

W. H. P., (Freedom, Mo.,) writes: "I wish to ask of you a few words of advice. I have been corresponding with a young lady for three years. She was up here a few weeks ago, and I proposed matrimony to her—and she accepted the proposal. She then went home, and said that she would write as soon as she got home. Soon after she got home, I received a letter stating that she wished to be freed again. I wrote her an answer, that she could be freed if she wished to. A few days afterward she came back—and stopping with a friend of hers, she wished to see me. They sent for me, and I was not at home, and she could not stay but a short time—and when I had reached the place she had gone home, but positively declaring that she never wrote the letter. She said she wrote a letter, but nothing of the kind. So I do not know what to do. The handwriting imitates hers exactly." If you love her, as we presume you do, you should give her the benefit of the doubt, and place some credence in her personal declaration as against the weight of circumstantial evidence. Your best, and, in fact, only reasonable course, would be to go and see her—and try if the difficulty cannot be explained. It seems improbable that a person of common sense would accept you one day, reject you a week after, and deny that she had done so a few days after that. See her as soon as possible, and set both your minds at rest.

MRS. E. D., (Equinunk, Pa.,) wishes to know if a certain book, whose title she gives, is identical with a work by the same author, published a few years ago as a serial. She wishes to know if she would get something new in purchasing it, as "publishers have a way of changing the titles, so we hardly know what is what." Publishers sometimes change titles because they think a better one could be chosen, and with no intention of deceiving. A poor title often prevents the sale of a book. In the case in question, the writer has written so multitudinously, that we do not pretend to know all her titles, or all the doings of her publishers. You had better examine the work before buying. If this is not convenient, ask the publishers the question you have asked us.

I. H. A., (Uvalde, Texas,) writes: "Permit me to ask you a few questions. 1st. What is the United States going to do for our safety out here, as the Indians have now left their Reserves, and are passing through this part of the country? They rob us of our horses and kill our people, so what is the Government going to do? 2d. What ought to be done to Mexico for harboring those Indians? I think the United States Government ought to put, or rather give us white soldiers out here, and a good many of them, as we are threatened by Mexico and the Indians together. Please give us your views in regard to the last affair." We have no doubt that the Government is quite as anxious to protect you, as you are to be protected. But you must be aware that it is no easy matter to control those savage wards of ours. An effort has been made to conquer them with kindness; whether or not it will prove successful we cannot tell. But force, heretofore, has not proved remarkably successful either—it costing about $10,000 to kill one Indian. In one case, we believe, it cost $100,000 to kill two Indians. Some have figured up that it would be cheaper to board the Indians at first-class hotels than to kill them off. As for Mexico harboring the Indians, it seems to us very probable that she harbors them as a dog harbors fleas. She is probably as anxious as we are to be rid of them, but don't just know how to go about it. Your best remedy seems to be to combine for your own protection.

H. W. writes: "I have one or two questions which I would be pleased to have answered. 1st. What became of the French Marshal Murat, a brother-in-law of Napoleon the first? 2d. How ought the following sentence in false syntax to be corrected? 'He had ought to go?'" Marshal Murat, after the overthrow of Napoleon, attempted to recover his lost kingdom of Naples. His fleet was dispersed by a gale, he was taken prisoner, tried by court-martial, and condemned to be shot, which sentence was executed Oct. 13th, 1815. In the sentence given the "had" is superfluous. It should read, "He ought to go."

W. R., (Lillington, N. C.,) writes: "Will you confer a favor by answering a few questions for me? 1st. How are Eastern wells formed, or how were they formed in old times? For instance, how was Jacob's well formed? 2d. How long does it take a ship to sail from San Francisco to China? 3d. Where does Josh Billings live? 4th. Did the Lord say to Moses that all negroes should have flat noses? 5th. Which hand should I use in raising my hat when speaking to ladies or gents? 6th. What do you think of my handwriting?" 1st. From what we are told of them they were probably, in most cases, excavations in the sides of rocks or hills, where, from the abundance of springs, water was soon reached. It was usually so near the surface as to be obtained by a bucket with a short rope attached. 2d. The passage by steamer occupies from twenty to thirty days. 3d. We do not know. 4th. If Moses says so you can rely upon it. Read your Bible and find out for yourself. 5th. It is immaterial. Whichever is most convenient. 6th. Your writing is very fair.

LITERATURE, (Philadelphia.) The author mentioned in your first question has written no other prose work, we believe, which he cares particularly to acknowledge. To obtain the sketches desired you had better subscribe for the last year's Post. The perfume of flowers is an emanation from a volatile oil, which can be extracted from the flowers, and is the basis of the various essences of flowers. These oils have been analyzed.

ALICE, (Bridgeton, N. J.), asks: "Having received so much information from your "Answers to Correspondents," I would like a little more, if you will oblige me. 1st. Who was the author of the song 'Roy's Wife,' and whom can it be found? I was under the impression it was Robert Burns, but can't find it. Also, in what piece of poetry can be found the words,

'You may break, you may shatter, the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling to it still?'"

Burns did not write the poem in question. It was written by a Mrs. Grant, a Scottish lady, who was born about 1745, and was first married to a Mr. Grant, her cousin, and afterward to Dr. Murray, of Bath, in which city she died, in 1814. Here is an instance of fame founded on a single song, as there is no other composition of hers extant. The verses given occur in Moore's "Irish Melodies," in the song entitled "Farewell! But whenever you welcome the hour."

R. S., (Pineapple Grove, Pa.), asks: "Do you think any true lady would take advantage of Leap Year?" We do not; nor do we see what any lady could hope to gain by taking such advantage. The gentleman addressed would be apt to treat her proposition either as a joke, or as unpalatable earnest.

P. O. C., (Vandemere, N. C.), says: "I wish to ask a few questions. 1st. Is it proper to ask a young lady's parents for her before appointing the wedding-day or after? 2d. How could you ask her father? 3d. If Adam was the first man of white race, where did the negroes spring from? How is my handwriting for a business hand? Also composition?" As it would be hardly advisable to appoint the wedding-day before knowing whether there was to be one or not, we should thing it appropriate to ask her parents first, and allow them to have a voice in the matter. As to asking the father, go to him full of your desire to marry his daughter. Then it will matter little whether you "speak it trippingly upon the tongue," or blunderingly, so that you make him understand what you are after. Our friends, this week, seem greatly exercised about the origin of the negro. Some say he descended from Cain; though, if he did, it is difficult to see how he got through the Deluge; others call him the descendant of Ham. You can take your choice. We know nothing about it. Your writing needs improvement, and we have had to correct your spelling and composition.

PROXIE, (Providence, Ala.,) writes: "Will you please inform me who is the author of a poem entitled 'Thee Only' which appeared in the Post of Sept. 14th? It was evidently written by a southerner, or one well acquainted with Southern scenery, and is one of the best poems I have ever seen in the Post, or any other periodical. Did President Grant ever run a tan-yard? A Mr. Grant, who was a tanner, lived some years ago in our neighborhood before the war, and if President Grant is the same man I will vote for him, for I go for the man, and not for the party." We are glad you found the poem so satisfactory. We do not know the author's name. President Grant's father (and his son after him) had a tan-yard, but not in your State, so he is not likely to be the person you allude to.

SUBSCRIBER, (Willow Dale,) writes: "Will you please decide an argument for me? A man dying without a will, one of the heirs bought the farm. He has a written article, with the other heirs. Said article bound him to pay them so much at such a time. The time passes by; he fails to make payment. Now the question is, my friend contends that he can sell that farm and not pay the heirs, and they cannot make him pay. I contend that he cannot make a deed to any person without a release from the heirs. Please answer and oblige. What do you think of my writing? Will it be good enough for a constable, or any other little petty township officer?" It seems to us that the case depends greatly on the form of the article of agreement. If there is no mention of any such article in his deed, and the article itself is a simple agreement to pay them a certain amount, we think he would be free to sell the farm without their consent. If, on the contrary, the article partakes of the nature of a mortgage; or if it be mentioned in the deed in such a way as to make the farm security for the amount; he could not give a clear title without a release from them. As to your handwriting, it would stand very much in the way of your success as a writing-master, but might answer very well for a constable. The latter needs a heavy rather than a pretty hand.

WILD ROSE, (Pierron, Illinois,) writes: "Being a reader of your reliable paper, I wish to ask your advice. I am a young girl aged seventeen. I have been engaged to a man for over a year. He wants me to marry him, but being so young I told him to wait at least two years. He does not agree to my terms; but being strong-headed I did not wish to yield to his terms, so we parted. I love this man, and I have reason to believe that he loves me better than any one else. He now wishes to become reconciled to me, but I do not want to show him that I am sorry we parted. He wants me to beg pardon, but I am too proud to do it, and would like him to speak first. Now what would you advise me to do?" We would advise you not to stand on punctilios where the question of your future happiness is concerned. If you love the man, as you say, you can surely curb your pride a little for his sake, and meet him half way, or even more than half way, in his desire to become reconciled. We do not see, however, that you have anything to "beg pardon" for, unless you were more to blame than you have given us reason to believe. You showed only good common sense in your desire to put off the marriage until you became of a more suitable age, and we think the gentleman both unwise and unreasonable, unless you are unusually mature, both in mind and body, or there are other considerations with which we are not acquainted.

A. K. (Manlius, N. Y.,) writes: "Having complete files of the Post (or the years 1870 and 1871, will you say to Ignorance, (Batesville, Arkansas,) that if still desiring them he may address as above, Box 188, Manlius, Onondaga County, New York."

EUGENE. The postage on your letters is generally entirely paid. We have received the enigma, and it is accepted.

[Several letters are held over to be answered in our next.]

RECEIPTS.

PICKLED OYSTERS.—100 large oysters, 1 pint white wine vinegar, 1 doz. blades of mace, 2 doz. whole cloves, 2 doz. whole black peppers, 1 large red pepper, broken into bits. Put oysters, liquor and all into a porcelain or bell-metal kettle. Salt to taste. Heat slowly until the oysters are very hot, but not to boiling. Take them out with a perforated skimmer, and set aside to cool. To the liquor which remains in the kettle add the vinegar and spices. Boil up fairly, and when the oysters are almost cold, pour over them scalding hot. Cover the jar in which they are, and put away in a cool place. Next day put the pickled oysters into glass cans with tight tops. Keep in the dark, and where they are not liable to become heated. I have kept oysters thus prepared for three weeks in the winter. If you open a can, use the contents up as soon as practicable. The air, like the light, will turn them dark.—*Maria Harland.*

FOWL CUTLETS.—Ingredients: One fowl, one egg, pinch of pepper and salt, tablespoonful of gravy. Mode: Cut up a fowl, and bone it; form the legs, wings, breast and merry-thought into six cutlets, flattening and giving them a good shape; take the meat from the remainder of the fowl, and the liver, pound it in a mortar, with pepper, salt, and a spoonful of gravy; brush the cutlets over with an egg; spread the forcemeat over them; egg again, and cover with fried bread crumbs, and fry them a light brown color; serve with lemon rind, and gravy in a separate dish.

GROUND RICE PUDDING.—Pound fine in a mortar twelve bitter and twenty-four sweet almonds; break four eggs into a basin and whisk them to a froth; grate the peel of a lemon, some nutmeg and cinnamon. When these are all ready, put a quart of milk into a stewpan, with a quarter of a pound of ground rice, and put it on a slow fire; keep stirring till it thickens; then take it from the fire, and put in it two ounces of butter, with your almonds, eggs and spice, and as much sifted sugar.

ARROW-ROOT BLANC MANGE.—3 cups of new milk; 2½ tablespoonfuls of arrow-root, wet with cold milk; ½ cup of sugar. Vanilla, lemon, or bitter almond flavoring, with a little white wine. Mix the arrow-root to a smooth batter, with one cup of the milk. Heat the remainder to boiling; add the arrow-root, stirring constantly. When it begins to thicken put in the sugar, and cook ten minutes longer, still stirring it well from the sides and bottom. Take it off; beat well five minutes; flavor with the essence and a wineglass of white wine. Give a hard final stir before putting it into a mould wet with cold water. This is very nourishing for invalids and young children. For the latter, you may omit the wine.

RIDDLER.

Charades, Riddles, Problems, etc., must always be accompanied by their answers, or they will not be published.

All who take an interest in this column are respectfully invited to contribute.

BIBLICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 74 letters.

My 1, 54, 51, 67, 62, was the name of a wicked king of Judea. His son Archelaus reigned after his death.

My 2, 66, 68, 56, was a son of Gera a left-handed man. He slew Egdon, King of Moab.

My 3, 38, 59, 54, 73, was one word of the mysterious writing seen on the wall of the king's palace. Daniel interpreted the writing.

My 4, 19, 50, 30, 57, 61, was one of the six cities of refuge appointed by the Israelites.

My 5, 51, 37, was what David brought from Baale of Judea to the city of Zion.

My 6, 64, 20, 38, 74, 45, was one of King Ahasuerus's chamberlains.

My 7, 52, 49, 19, 71, is a book of the Old Testament.

My 8, 56, 60, 51, was the ancient name for the twelfth month of the year.

My 9, 39, 66, 46, 42, 45, was the name of a son of Asair. He was one of the Kohathites.

My 10, 36, 72, 38, 55, was one of the cities of the Priests and Levites.

My 11, 39, 28, 45, 69, 60, 72, 48, was one of the sons of Israel.

My 12, 30, 54, 59, was the name of a son of Jerahmeel.

My 13, 68, 44, 66, is the name of another book of the Old Testament.

My 14, 26, 61, 64, was the name of one of the musicians whom the Levites commanded to perform on the psalteries, when the ark was brought to Zion.

My 15, 67, 47, was a son of Haran. He was sent in the mountains for safety when Sodom was destroyed.

My 16, 73, 39, 66, was the name of the valley in which Saul and the Israelites fought the Philistines.

My 17, 45, 54, 72, was one of the successors of Jeconiah.

My 18, 60, 33, 35, was what the Israelites made for the ark. It was composed of three colors.

My 19, 28, 66, 24, 62, was one of the ornamental garments made for Aaron.

My 20, 54, 56, was the name of the sea in which the Egyptians were drowned.

My 21, 29, 65, 32, 31, 69, 38, 27, was a class of people to which Uriah belonged.

My 22, 51, 68, was a son of Cabel and brother of Elah.

My 23, 41, 66, 57, 61, was a king of the Amorites.

My 40, 43, 30, 68, 49, was one of the kings of Persia.

My 25, 58, 63, 70, are letters seldom if ever used in spelling Biblical names.

My whole is one of Solomon's maxims.

Seaboard, N. C. EUGENE.

MSCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 28 letters.

My 2, 11, 23, 24, 28, 15, 22, is the name of a beautiful country in Europe.

My 5, 24, 27, 6, 22, is the name of an ancient poem.

My 7, 28, 11, 13, was the name of one of the historians of the Scriptures.

My 8, 6, 10, 22, 9, 4, was the name of a celebrated musical composer.

My 17, 26, 19, 20, 14, 25, was the name of a distinguished Indian chief.

My 22, 9, 3, 6, 1, 21, 11, 23, is the name of a river in North America.

My whole is the name and birthplace of the author.

Fort Totten, D. T. GAHMEW.

WORD SQUARES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I.

A sacred song.
A country.
A shady bower.
Ferocious quadrupeds.
A low, wet soil.

II.

The shore.
A tree.
A passage in a church.
A town.
Entertainment given.

III.

A small insect.
Name of a young lady.
Soon, quickly.
A kind of sea-weed.

IIII.

A planet.
A tree of several species.
A flower.
To appear.

Seaboard, N. C. EUGENE.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A cylinder floats in water with its base 14 inches below the surface; when an ounce weight is placed upon it, it sinks another inch. Find the weight of the cylinder.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

BURIED LAKES—1. Huron. 2. Erie. 3. Debo. 4. Onega. 5. Erne. 6. Tchad 7. Rec. 8. Red. 9. Grand.

ANAGRAMS—1. Leominster. 2. Ashtabula. 3. Minneapolis. 4. Somerset. 5. Media. 6. Littleton. 7. Orange. 8. Gardiner. 9 Newcastle. 10. Stapleton.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA—Celestine.

WORD SQUARES—

I.	II.
MAY	SUE
ASA	UBN
YAM	END

ALGEBRAICAL PROBLEM—A can do the work in 6 days, B in 3, and C in 2.